

THIS OUR WAR

BY

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MOO

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"TO THE TRUE ROMANCE"

"Thy face is far from this our war,
Our call and counter-cry,
I shall not find Thee quick and kind,
Nor know Thee till I die

Enough for me in dreams to see
And touch Thy garment's hem:
Thy feet have trod so near to God
I may not follow them."

RUDYARD KIPLING!



The Author

IMPRESSIONS OF WARTIME ENGLAND

A broadcast from the Calcutta station of All-India Radio on October 15, 1941 :

In these few minutes I can only try to give you a general impression of the England I saw this summer. I arrived on the 13th of March and left on the 30th of August. Except for five weeks in Bournemouth I lived continuously in London with occasional visits elsewhere. I visited a good many blitzed towns, Coventry, Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Plymouth, Dover, Ramsgate, and others. The Services were very kind to me, and I visited the Fighter Command, and the Bomber Command. There have been many criticisms of the Ministry of Information, but speaking from personal experience I found it all out to do everything I wanted from it. Mr. Duff Cooper, who is in India now, and his successor, Mr. Brendan Bracken, both took some personal trouble to help me. Our former Governor, Sir John Anderson, and Mr. Amery did the same, as well as several of their Cabinet colleagues.

Almost at once I got two strong but quite contradictory impressions which remained with me. One was how little changed so much of England is, the other was what tremendous changes there are. Travelling to and from the West Country in trains that still run smoothly and punctually though generally much overcrowded, and looking at the familiar sleepy landscape, so eloquent of ancient peace and immemorial cultivation ; or arriving, shall we say, at the station at Oxford, which remains in the same repellent surroundings as when I was young, I felt that not only will there always be an England but that England will continue to manage her revolutions peacefully, and will always keep continuity with her past. And of course, though terrible damage has been done by bombing, most of the British Isles (I did not visit Scotland or Ireland but I saw people who were coming and going) remains untouched. Few people would like

to admit that they have never heard the sirens, but there are plenty of places where no bomb has ever been dropped within miles.

Before I left India when I read about churches and schools and cinemas being bombed I used to say to myself that England wasn't composed of churches and schools and cinemas, and I wondered about the fate of the houses in between. But I found it perfectly true that the percentage of churches and the like was extraordinarily high. In many cases they are destroyed not by direct hits from explosive bombs but by fire. The Germans drop showers of incendiary bombs on roofs. Where these are spotted they are easily put out with little damage. But the roofs of churches and other high single-storied buildings are very inaccessible, and in many cases until this summer they were not fire-watched at all. Churches indeed were sometimes found locked, and had to be broken into. In Bristol I saw 13 wrecked churches, but the loveliest of all was untouched. In Plymouth I saw still smouldering the ruins of the famous church in the centre of the city where Drake worshipped. In my own part of London, lovely Chelsea Old Church, the scene of so many weddings, is a heap of rubble.

But many lives were lost also, and terrible damage has been done to homes and business premises. In London in the City, the area round St. Paul's (which itself externally now looks as it always did) and further east towards the Minories and still further towards the Docks is a spectacle of desolation, and some of the Inns of Court caught it badly. Nevertheless, it is astonishing how after a *blitz* life picks up and resumes. For some days you may get no reply on the telephone from people in the

It is when you travel by the Tube at night and see the platforms covered with people of different sections of society sleeping alongside one another ; when you move in A.R.P. circles and hear the talk ; when you lunch in messes, and see the new conception of discipline, that you get a strong impression of change. I needn't tell you that the morale is grand, and that no one seems to doubt that Hitler will go down the drain or dream of stopping till he does. If a film called "Target For To-night" comes to India, as no doubt it will, don't fail to see it. It is the real R. A. F. life, just as I saw it at the Bomber Command ; no touch of theatre about it but something wonderful and encouraging to watch. I visited the first East India Squadron of Spitfire Fighters also. They have a magnificent record and Air Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas wrote to me to express his admiration.

By the way, everywhere there is tremendous admiration for what women do in emergencies. They seem to carry on and keep their heads in the most amazing way. In Plymouth, which was still burning when I was there, they had astonishing tales of the way telephonists carried on till their exchanges were out of action.

The two hours extra daylight this summer and the prolonged lull in the *blitz* were a great relief. The black-out is definitely depressing, and many people say their eyes suffer. You will want to know about food, but I have not much time left. There are indications that there will be rather more food and better distribution this winter than last. There is always plenty of food for those who can afford to go to restaurants and you don't have to surrender a ration card. By and large also there is enough for those who can't, but definitely there are hardships. Wives who have to find meals for their families, to do work themselves, and somehow to cope with the dreadful shopping problem really have a grim time. There is a lot of queueing up, and often the housewife cannot get what she wants.

Nobody is allowed to write to friends abroad and ask for parcels to be sent but if kind friends send parcels voluntarily these are permitted under certain restrictions. So if some of you have forgotten this possibility you might

Part III

India's Present and Future.

	Page
Anxious Interest in Britain	91
Americans and India	96
Quest for a Way Out	99
Key to the Deadlock	102
India not All Out	106
Hindu-Moslem Disunity	109
Bengal Politics	113
A Prophet in Simla	116
East and West	118
Diehards in Discard	120
War the Unifier	122
What Japan Counts On	125

Part IV

What Lack We Yet?

	Page
Doubts that clog Effort	131
Evolution as a Force	134
A Common Faith Needed	137
When Reason Misleads	140
Sales or Service	144
Wages and Prices	147
Economics in Practice	150
An Industrial Democracy	154
Federal Co-operation	157
Supply and Demand	160
Lease and Lend	164
The Axis Annexes God	168
Can Christmas be Real ?	171

ENGLAND IN 1941

20,000-MILE FLIGHT TO ENGLAND

(Published on October 28, 1941.)

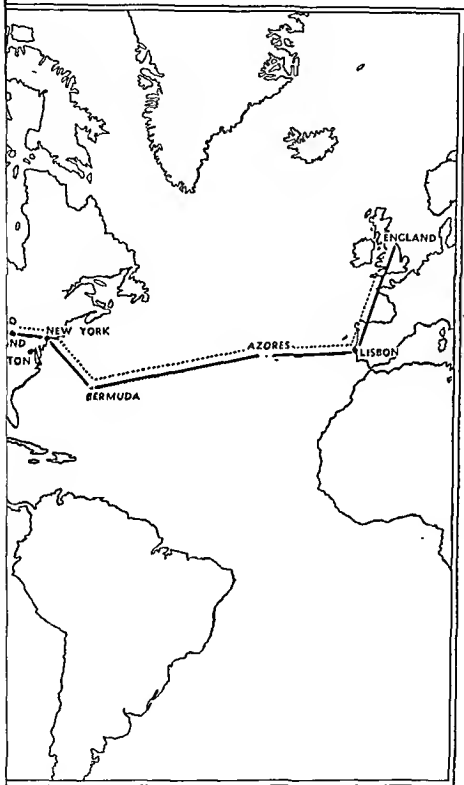
WHEN I left India for England last February we here were feeling very cut off. Letters were taking a long time to come, and the stream of arrivals from Britain had dried up at the end of the previous summer. The Press telegraphic services were full and informative but it remained hard to visualize conditions. So now, having returned, I would like to try to help you to fill in some of the gaps.

First about the journey. Both going and coming I used air transport solely. I had to fly the wrong way round, that is by the Pacific and Atlantic instead of *via* the Near East and the Mediterranean, a journey of more than 20,000 miles. Flying Home the British Airways handed me over at Rangoon to Chinese National Aviation. We re-fuelled at Lashio, on the Burma Road, and got as far as Kunming that day. This is one of the oddest services, because the pilots for good reason dislike clear weather and fly through clouds as much as possible. The Japanese have attacked them more than once. Kunming is the terminus of a railway from Hanoi, and there are still hotels run on allegedly French lines. Much damage by bombing was visible, but we had no raid on my night there, and next day we reached Hongkong.

At Hongkong I boarded the Pan-American *China* clipper, which took me all the way to Long Beach, Los Angeles. The first hop to Manila is comparatively short. On my return journey I did not have to go to Hongkong. There is now a clipper service from San Francisco to Singapore. This has just become weekly, and the big clippers carry on from Manila to Singapore, while passengers from China are transferred at Manila to a Sikorski flying boat which operates a shuttle service to Hongkong. On my return journey the clipper ahead of us had had an accident to its propeller and was held up at Guam. We brought it a new propeller and the next day our clipper took off its passengers while we waited a day and then

terns, and still more careful not to step on their eggs, which are the colour of the beach on which they lie exposed.

Going home I left Wake on Monday morning, and arrived at Midway in the afternoon to find I had slipped back into Sunday, and gained a day. For Midway is half-way round the world from the meridian of Greenwich. Alas, I lost this day on my return. For I left Midway on Monday morning and arrived at Wake to find it Tuesday afternoon.



BY CLIPPER ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

THE *China* clipper that carried me homewards was due to land at San Francisco, but there was fog on the coast so we landed at Long Beach instead and through a landscape bleakly pointed with innumerable oil well erections drove to Los Angeles, where I stayed till evening. There was no war atmosphere in luxurious Los Angeles in February. The event of the day was Charlie Chaplin's evidence on income-tax that afternoon in a Los Angeles court. Charlie seemed to think he was owed quite a lot, whereas officials suggested that the boot was on the other leg. Charlie was again the big shot in the news during my recent stay in Los Angeles on my return journey. At a night club he announced, apparently for the first time without qualification, that Paulette Goddard is his lawful wedded wife. The Press sensation next morning put the war back quite a piece in the news.

The other event on my first afternoon in Los Angeles was the arrival of Greta Garbo returning to Stokovski. When I got to New York I found that Stokovski and Walt Disney were the centres of a controversy raging round their new production *Fantasia*. There was only one theatre in New York and twelve in the States altogether then able to provide the special concentrated sound tracks. I saw it in New York, but that and other matters I must leave till later on. You are probably impatient for me to get on to England. So was I, and I left Los Angeles that night by a *Mainliner* plane, changed at Salt Lake City into the plane from San Francisco, shot through Denver and Omaha in the night, had coffee next morning at Chicago and Cleveland at airports where the shovelled snow was three feet deep beside the runways and was in a blistering bracing cold New York soon after breakfast.

The next clipper to Lisbon was postponed twice, and in the end I was delayed a week, out of which I had the weekend in Washington. It is an easy flight from New York and there are almost hourly services by day.

Washington is like London, in that you can't do much on Sunday. But on Monday morning before I caught my return plane I had forty minutes with Lord Halifax.

Lisbon I got out of in six days, which caused general surprise. Some people lie about for months forgotten apparently by God and man. Everything depends on the Air Attache at the British Embassy whose word is law on air passages to England. The telephone at my bedside crackled at 6-30 a.m. An unexpected flying boat was just coming in from Africa. If I could get down to Cabo d'Arrive by 7-30 I might get off, that is to say if the plane got off. It was to take the salvaged engines of the flying-boat *Clyde* which had been wrecked at its moorings in the recent cyclone, and which I had seen on arrival.

Naturally I got there in time. But the *Clyde* engines weren't ready, and the flight was postponed till the following morning. I was on tenterhooks lest some important personage should in the meantime materialize and push me out. But my luck held, and next morning I was off to England.

We arrived somewhere in the West Country too late in the afternoon to get to London that night. We drove a goodish way and I spent the night at a first-class seaside hotel which later I revisited. My curiosity as to what it would be like in wartime was considerable.

It seemed very unimpaired in comfort. The meals were enormous. The table d'hote (which I think cost non-residents six and sixpence) included sardines, eggs, mayonnaise, several vegetable salads, asparagus tips, etc., or alternatively smoked salmon. There was a choice of soups. After that you were allowed one main dish—fish, entree, or joint—and a pudding. The wine-list was much in the same state as in India at the same time. French still wines were to be had but in diminishing quality. Champagne stocks were stronger. Old brandy and French vermouth were rapidly running out. Sherry and port were holding out well. In the bedroom and bathroom there were unbroken tablets of the hotel's "special" soap, plenty of towels, and unlimited boiling hot water.

When I visited the hotel later in the summer the dinner was still much the same, but the head waiter told me the difficulties of maintaining the standard both of food and service were becoming insuperable, and that he had no doubt that this winter the dining room would become a cafeteria, that is to say a buffet where you select a meal from an assorted display. The bedroom comfort was also unimpaired, but there were notices asking for strict economy in the use of hot water.

The wine-list had deteriorated enormously ; nearly everything was crossed out. Champagne was still listed but was forty shillings for all vintage years, and 37/6 for non-vintage brands. In London, however, special restaurants with large stocks, e g., the Cafe Royal and the Berkeley, were still selling it considerably cheaper. People in England who can afford wine have naturally not the same qualms as the English in India about indulging their taste in restaurants. They are at the front and we are still at the back, and their motto is "to-morrow (or even to-night) we may die." So the restaurants are crowded and the dancers drink and jest while death roams outside. The Manageress who allotted me my room in that provincial hotel said "There's dancing every night. We do our best to keep things going." They did, too ; the hotel had a permanent orchestra. There was also a large tap room which was absolutely packed out with men and women in uniform, R.A.F. Army, Navy. Few could get near the bar, and waitresses struggled through the crowd with glasses. A large proportion of the pretty girls in uniform were drinking half-pints of weak beer with their boy friends. There was a sprinkling of girls in evening dress, but no men changed. Later when I dined at All Souls I saw three dons in dinner jackets—but this was special for Saturday night. I was told—and not long before he died I met Lord Willingdon at the Berkeley in a black tie. But in general men don't change. You can have a pair of patent leather shoes for a pound, whereas a drug may cost the earth, on the market.

Three days before my arrival the Cafe de Paris was destroyed by bombs when the evening was in full swing.

It was a terrible tragedy, which may be left to the imagination. Harry who used to run Harry's Bar in the Rue d'Aunau in Paris was running the Cafe, and survived. Now he runs a "Riviera" bar in the Ritz on the Piccadilly street level, and looks an older sadder Harry.

German planes came over on my first night at the seaside hotel, and the sirens wailed. But the Germans were going somewhere else, and dropped nothing. The hotel residents seemed used to that. There were a few chronic sheltergoers who descend to the basement on principle. But most took no notice.

"BLITZ" SCARE IN LONDON

ON my first morning in England I took an early train to London and breakfasted on the train. It was a good breakfast of bacon and eggs. Later on meals in trains were not so good though of course quite good enough. Sausages in England now are largely composed of bread and are not so interesting as they used to be. I think it was in the leafy month of June that I was having breakfast on a train and was given some very fat bacon. I'm not much of a fat eater, but there was a fat friendly stranger sitting opposite me who was. When he saw that I had left the fat on my plate he leant over and said "Would you mind?"

My first train ran about an hour late. There had been several spots of bother up the line and at the terminus in the previous days. You sometimes have difficulty in knowing where you are, as the names of stations are only to be found in very small letters on an odd lamp post. The difficulty of finding one's way about the country when motoring is so real for the English that one feels it would certainly annoy landing Germans. All signposts are gone and the name of town or village has been carefully removed from post office, shop, institute, and advertisement. You feel quite shy about asking the name. It seems indecent to breathe the secret to the air. In London there are an enormous number of clocks stopped. At first I thought this might be a great scheme not to tell the Germans the time when they landed, but it soon became apparent that no one thought it worth while to bother to repair clocks that were damaged by blast or "blitz". Some of the faces were clean gone.

Big Ben is all right. Early in the morning of Sunday the eleventh of May I walked all the way from Chelsea to Westminster and the Strand, and back by Long Acre, Piccadilly and Knightsbridge after a heavy night of "blitz". Some paper mills on the other side of the river had burnt

and Chelsea was littered with black ashes as well as bits of broken glass. St. Luke's Hospital had been hit. St. Luke's Church is untouched but the railings have been given to the Government and the big open churchyard looks much nicer. (Berkeley Square is also open, but at present it is rather an uncultivated waste. Most of the squares still retained their railings as late as August. There was a row going on between the exalted trustee householders in St. James' Square, some of whom were for parting with the railings and others were not) King's Road from the Town Hall to Sloane Square was all right. (Royal Hospital and the Duke of York's had had a gruelling earlier). The centre of Holy Trinity had gone. Victoria Street way things were worse. There was an enormous crater in the middle of the street opposite the Army and Navy Stores, but the Stores were undamaged. The neighbourhood had suffered a lot and up till early August westward running buses made a detour round the back of the Stores and out at Ashley Place. Westminster Abbey was damaged but later at Lord Willingdon's funeral one saw little signs of it. Smoke was pouring out of Westminster Hall, which suffered at the end where is the crypt which is the office of the Empire Parliamentary Association. The Commons' Chamber went in that raid, and the next time I attended a debate they sat in the Lords. In August I went to the Lords' debate on India. They have a very dignified, and quite large enough, setting in the Royal Room.

In St. James' Park there was a big crater at the Horse Guards Parade and in that neighbourhood salvage squads were hard at work. To the north-east the sky was still red with fires and south of the river there was a great pink haze. As the day wore on I realized that most of the pink haze was not fire but the sun shining through a sky that was simply full of the dust caused by explosions. This dust goes on for days, and the constant work of demolition and salvage keeps the air in some neighbourhoods heavily charged with particles. In one of the Parks there is a vast accumulation of rubble that has been dumped there from sites that have been cleared.

I need not take you with me on the rest of that particular Sunday morning walk. The raid on May 10th was

one of the heaviest and most widespread there have been. Bayswater and the Harley Street area caught it also, and terrible damage was done in the City and further East. The Temple Church, which is just outside the windows of the London Office of *The Statesman*, was completely wrecked, but we did not lose a window. The capriciousness of an explosion's direction and of blast are the subject of constant comment. You see a house cut clean in two. The surviving half stands open to all beholders, and you will see a dressing table on the very edge of the precipice with every trifling ornament on it unbroken and unmoved.

Infants sleep soundly in amazing circumstances and children have astonishing escapes. There are well-authenticated stories of adults, children and even dogs that had been given up for dead being dug out alive after ten and twelve days and recovering. Apparently people can survive longer without food, or water, or normal breathing space than was supposed. Children figure oftenest in these stories.

Late that Sunday afternoon I caught a train at Paddington to keep an evening engagement in Oxford with "the Argonauts" who are working for Indo-British collaboration. The train ran to time, but a little way outside one saw a wrecked train lying on the line. Next morning I returned in a compartment full of people eager to see how they would find London, as the first news of Saturday night's raid was in the paper. (*The News Chronicle* was hit, that Saturday night). When they found I had already been there, they bombarded me with questions.

People talk to strangers much more than they used to do.

AFTER A RAID

THESE notes are like Hitler's war. They do not proceed according to plan. Probably I can succeed better in filling in gaps in your picture if I write of things disjointedly, as they occur to me. If I were to try to round off a complete sketch I should probably leave out the little things you wanted to know. And we are living in a very incomplete picture nowadays.

In mid-March the Germans were keeping fairly regular habits over London. The sirens sounded almost nightly soon after black-out time, or even before. The sirens remain what they were. At one time there was talk of having something more cheerful, but it was decided that the announcement of an air raid is not the moment for cheerfulness to break through into song. So the siren remains a horrifying banshee wail, rising and falling in waves of agony suggesting the same hopelessness of lost souls in limbo as speaks in a jackal's howl. At first I found little difference between the "Alert" (we don't use the word "Alarm" any more!) and the "All Clear", but my thick ear learnt to pick it up. The "All Clear" stabs the air less suddenly and speaks more steadily.

The sirens sound whenever German planes are in the neighbourhood. In the provinces they often sound when nothing drops, because the Germans may be going to or coming from a still distant objective. In London something generally drops somewhere. But the Londoners distinguish clearly between a routine raid and a "blitz." The German word for "lightning" has now passed into the English language and means something very terrible. It means a methodical raid going on for hours over a given area, a raid in which the earth rocks, great buildings blow up, houses "wave in the wind," fierce fires break out, hell is let loose. London is so

vast that some people will not admit that a raid has been a "blitz" at all unless it comes near enough for them to feel it.

On my fifth night in London there was a raid that lasted five hours. Planes droned loudly, sometimes seeming very low, one heard the noise of "flak" from the AK AK guns, and at intervals the windows rattled and the old house shook a bit when a bomb dropped somewhere, and one heard the explosion. There seemed nothing to do about it, and I stayed in bed. Next morning no one would admit that there had been a "blitz". There had been no damage in Chelsea! I discovered that there had been a good deal of damage further east.

That night, as a celebration of something, I dined at the Berkeley grill, where one saw more people than there was room for attempting to dance on a tiny platform about the size of a large Union Jack. A jiggy Fox Trot called "The last time I saw Paris" was the monotonous favourite of the year, and wherever you went you saw couples tum-tumming to this colourless tune. The orchestra, however, raised a fearful din, nobody heard any sirens, and it was not till we set about going home that we knew that a raid was on. There was great difficulty in getting a taxi, there often is at night, and sometimes the driver wants to know where your destination is before he will agree to take you. But the drivers are a tough and cheerful lot, and frequently do grand things. This particular taxi-driver made no difficulty about driving us to Chelsea, but planes were droning overhead, the "flak" was noisy, and in the black-out one drives in gingerly fashion when shrapnel is falling. The black-out is depressing as a permanent feature but, driving at night, one senses its eerie beauty. Looking through the windscreen up a long vista of little blue lights receding in an endless avenue, spotted with green, amber and red from traffic controls, and the moving points of the head and tail lights of vehicles, you develop a new awareness of nocturnes. The scene becomes a picture. Coming back to a black-out in Calcutta I find the same enchantment in driving up Chowringhee at night.

When we got home, the "blitz" increased. The noise of planes was incessant, but the sound of the explosions came chiefly from north and east and only at intervals were near enough to shake the house.

Next morning I drove down to a first-aid centre in Whitechapel, and saw those whose homes had been destroyed in the night being attended. They sat patiently, filling the chairs in a large room, just like a public meeting. There were men, women and children, the women and children predominating. Helpers brought them up in turn to a desk where they were allotted somewhere to go to, and piloted out. As the first rank cleared others moved up, and new refugees were still coming in at the back. They were coming from another room where there was a canteen at which hot tea, coffee and snacks were continuously served. It seemed to work. What struck me most was the lack of conversation, complaint, or argument. People spoke, in a subdued patient way. Everybody seemed biddable and grateful.

I moved on to a communal feeding centre which had itself been damaged. The ground floor was unsafe, but stoves and tables had been set up in a yard, and in a drizzling rain meals were being cooked. One of the workers detached me and lured me up the gaping staircase to the upper storey, where the floor was covered with broken glass and plaster. But the feeding centre was somehow functioning.

Next I went on to a refuge run by sisters of religion, and ate with them the lunch they served to the homeless. Here all was order and neatness, though windows and doors had suffered from blast. A large dormitory was so covered with beds or with mattresses on the floor that it was just one huge bed. These people had faith, and serenity, even happiness, sat in their eyes. Service to them was harmony. It was easy to see that they are a source of strength and are completely trusted by the neighbourhood.

LIFE IN COASTAL TOWNS

THE East End has suffered much. The docks caught it last Autumn, and nearer in heavy damage was done later. On my journey back westwards that March morning I saw much desolation in the neighbourhood of The Tower (which however itself stands up), the area between the Bank and the river, and east and north of St. Pauls'. But much of that has been hit hard several times since, and I need not dwell on it.

After the big "blitz" of May 10, there was only one raid of any magnitude before I left. That was only in the East End, and as it happened I was there again next morning. I had an appointment with the Board of Directors of the Co-operative Wholesale Society at their vast headquarters in Leaman Street, Whitechapel. Nothing had dropped there, but telephone messages came in about damage further east. I spent most of that day with the Co-operators, whose movement seems to me to hold the economic key to the post-war future. Later on I hope to explain more fully what I mean. But don't mix it up with the kind of co-operative society you read of in this country. I don't mean fancy stuff that has to be spoon-fed and never gets beyond the idea of helping the producer. I mean the only kind of co-operation that is economically sound, that pays its way, and that nothing stops, namely consumer co-operation. It began in a small upper room in Rochdale in 1845. Now it has a capital of hundreds of millions of pounds, trades all over the world, and has fostered similar successful movements in Scandinavia, Russia, and elsewhere. By 1945 people will recognize its importance for "the new order." Mr. A. V. Alexander, the present First Lord of the Admiralty, was the Secretary of its Parliamentary Committee, and is still its principal political mouthpiece.

I paid an early visit to Dover as I wanted to see what was the effect of the long-range gunfire from the French

coast. I went to Tonbridge by train and there was met by a representative of the Ministry of Information, and a driver in the khaki uniform of the W.M.V.S. (Women's Motor Volunteer Service). Her husband is a staff officer, at G.H.Q., Cairo, and she drove her own car, as did the woman who had driven me round the East End. She gets no pay and is thankful for free petrol. We hit the coast at Rye near the Sussex border, and drove through Kent to Folkestone and Dover. All this is naturally prohibited area unless you have a pass, and the frequent challenges to the car as well as other signs were evidences of precautions taken against invaders or intruders. There was an American Editor with me, from Boston, and as soon as we sat down in the Town Clerk's room at Dover the sirens sounded. The American asked if that was the Alert. "I believe it is", said the Town Clerk, with the air of saying "Now you mention it", and he added "We've had two already this morning, and really they are so continual that one takes no notice." Fighters went up at once, the Germans turned back, and the All Clear sounded before we left the room. But there was another alarm after lunch. This time a bomb or two was dropped, but no damage was done, and a German plane was shot down into the Channel.

Many houses in Dover were shut up, but also many were inhabited. There had been a heavy return of those who had evacuated. The big guns from over the way had done spots of serious damage, but for the most part had just wasted their very expensive and wearing-and-tearing ammunition. Dover looked stolid and "the goods" to me. Ramsgate, which lives more on seaside visitors, has a more shelter-minded population. There was another Alert when I got there, and I visited a public shelter and found people moving into it at 4 in the afternoon. Some of these people came at that time every day, I was told, took up a pitch they regarded as their own, and did not get out till next morning. Ramsgate, in the opinion of the authorities, was getting altogether too shelter-minded. Lord Horder had just conducted an investigation on the shelter question in general, and discovered that some children had lived continuously in shelters for months. Notices were already up in Ramsgate shelters

warning people that after a certain date they would no longer have any prescriptive right to certain pitches where they dumped their children and belongings.

There has been a general revision in the attitude towards shelters. When war broke out everyone was urged to go to them. When the sirens sounded it was a case of "everything stops for tea". Buses stopped running. Factories, shops and offices stopped working : if there was a shelter everybody trooped to it. If you were in the street you selected your own rendezvous. Soon it was realized that this was just silly and that valuable time was being lost. What made it more pointless as far as London was concerned was that the months passed and no bombing took place. So roof spotters were started for factories and offices, and everybody was told to carry on even if there was a raid.

At night too the stock of the shelters slumped. Normal people got "fed up" with leaving their beds, and then not having the satisfaction of having the beds hit. Also the so-called Anderson surface shelters proved often of little avail except against our own shrapnel or blast. And when a deep shelter does get a direct hit it is worse than no shelter, and may prove a terrible deathtrap. Cheerful fatalism also spreads in wartime. "If your number isn't on the bomb you won't be hit. If it is, it will get you wherever you are." That is the attitude of many, and proves a useful working philosophy.

So many people now sleep in their beds, even if they are at the top of the house. Often they are so tired and have such good (or tough) consciences that they sleep through a real "blitz", hear nothing when the bombs drop, and feel nothing when the house waves in the wind.

But there are also many who nightly move down into their basement or move to a public shelter, take train or car to somewhere in Surrey, or that cottage in Kent or Essex, where they sleep. In the long summer evenings, when also there was the great lull in the "blitz", the procession of cars died away. But in the winter months there is an evening exodus eyed in none too friendly fashion by the shopkeeping and working classes who stay behind.

SERVICE AT THE ABBEY

IN March there was a tremendous propaganda drive to make everybody carry their gas masks. Everybody in uniform of course always has to do so. "Battle dress" goes for the women as well as the men, and the girls in khaki or Air Force or Navy blue have their masks and helmets slung at their side like the men. But the civilians were not playing, and immense propaganda was laid on. The first time I attended a House of Commons debate I was warned beforehand to bring my gas mask as otherwise I might be refused admission.

The propaganda effort failed. Many complied for a time, and perhaps one third of the people in a bus in March and April carried masks. Air Wardens went round on house to house visitations, trying to get people to see that masks, many of them by that time lost or quite unserviceable, were in order. There was a spurt, but all in vain. I bought a box for my mask, and tried to develop a conscience about it. But, like the majority, I couldn't be bothered, and ended by forgetting it altogether. Tin hats were more popular. But whereas borough councils provided a gas mask for everybody, there is a shortage of real steel helmets. Anybody who can get one of the left overs from the last war is envied. Civilians have to provide for themselves, and many of those sold are pretty worthless and can be buckled in your hands. I bought one for eleven shillings which was stout enough for glancing shrapnel. I did not carry it by day, but generally took it with me when I went out at night. At restaurants I deposited it and a torch in the cloak-room. This is a common practice.

I had a vague idea that I might find men less conventional in their dress and was prepared for an outbreak of half-sleeved shirts, glad necks, and possibly shorts even in London. But those who are not in uniform dress as they did before. To save laundering, you see in London more blue or grey shirts with collars to match

than you would of old, but men still wear their tailored lounge suits and are never without collars and ties. In the City they still wear short black coats and sponge bag trousers. Bank messengers circulate in topplers. I went to Lord Willingdon's funeral in a lounge suit, as did many others. But we were a minority, and hundreds were in tails and topplers. The full impact of the clothes ration is not yet visible.

Lord Willingdon did fine work on his South American Mission, but at the cost of his health. I went to a party given for him by the East India Association at which Mr. Amery said the old firm of Willingdon and Willingdon never failed us. I saw them several times again and had tea with them at their house in Lygon Place about a month before he died. He was in gay spirits, partly occasioned by the fact that he had just met Bobby Howes at lunch that day at the Coq d'Or (where they lunched on roast kid), and I was in no way prepared for his sudden end.

I had not been to a funeral service in the Abbey for more than thirty years, not since some one sent me a card for a seat at the funeral of a Prime Minister who died in harness, Campbell Bannerman. "C.B." floated to the front on his charm and other people's affection, and the one occasion recalled the other.

The Abbey was packed, and a quarter of an hour before the time of service there was standing room only. It was a wonderful tribute to a much loved man, and the service was very moving. A thing that has struck me at great national events of recent years, George the Fifth's Silver Jubilee, our present King's Coronation, and again in the Abbey this August, was how perfectly the Church finds the right words. We are often accused of imperialism, and no doubt we have much to answer for and have grabbed in the past with the best, or the worst. But at least there is no hint of imperialism in our national prayers, no asking for special favours or victories for ourselves, and certainly no claim to be better than anybody else.

Noteworthy—is it not?—the way in which Cecil Spring Rice's poem of self-dedication has crept into our

national liturgy. I remember my surprise when I first heard it sung, and that in St. Paul's at the Silver Jubilee.

And at the Willingdon funeral there it was again. You remember how it goes :—

I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love ;
The love that asks *no question*, the love that stands
the test,

That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best ;
The love that never falters, the love that pays the
price,

The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

That is a noble dedication, yet it does not take us beyond patriotism. But then the music changes. There is a hush and the sweet boyish voices soar up to the fretted roof in another, slower mode.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago,
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them
that know ;

We may not count her armies, we may not see her
King ;

Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering ;
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds
increase ;

And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her
paths are peace.

Remarkable—don't you think ?—that at a Jubilee Service we should remember that patriotism is not enough and bethink ourselves of another King beyond all kings and another Kingdom beyond all kingdoms. And on that note the anthem softly dies away.

"Her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths
are peace."

Peace.

PETROL RATIONING

THERE is much less traffic in London streets than in normal times. Buses were still plentiful but underwent a further reduction in August. Taxi ranks are often empty during the daytime, and at night you—or the commissionaire—may whistle in vain. Your best hope is to waylay one returning from somewhere, but you may have to walk a long time. Most of the drivers are old men.

One saw a surprising number of private cars, and there was a continual fuss going on in the papers about the abuse of petrol. At a big race meeting cars could still roll up in hundreds, and when several thousands paraded at the Derby there was much backchat. Those who had no petrol or no car pressed hard for stern measures. Those who could get petrol did not seem to have very troublesome consciences.

The big point in the papers was that every drop has to be imported. Here was our Merchant Navy fighting death in tankers and its escort doing the same, to get stuff to England which was then lightly flicked away in joy riding and race going. On the other side it is argued that you simply must let people have some recreation, that it is because some of the normal life of the country is maintained that people stand a hitherto unimagined strain so magnificently, and that most of the so-called joy riders are actually war workers who more than earn their bit of fun.

By the way there was a Canon of Westminster who after a long day's work on Saturday was up all night fire fighting to save the Abbey on Saturday, the tenth of May, while his own home was being hit. Next morning he celebrated Communion at 7 a.m., then continued with rescue work, took a Morning Service where he preached the sermon, then went to Oxford where he was due to preach and conduct a meeting. On Monday morning,

still unshaved and in the clothes he wore to fire fight, he went into an Oxford shop as soon as it opened and tried to buy a razor-blade. The woman behind the counter eyed her unkempt customer very severely and said : "We haven't got any. Don't you know that there is a war on ?"

The Services are sometimes accused of being very wasteful of petrol, but a good many of the stories melted away under scrutiny. It was however found necessary to increase supervision and rub it in to careless youth that petrol is more valuable than gold.

On my last night in England at the airport hotel my son appeared in a borrowed car, having driven from Salisbury Plain to have a last meal with me. I asked him how he had "scrounged" the petrol. He had got it from a friendly farmer whom he had helped with the harvest !

But the practice of lending or giving away coupons which was permitted is now being stopped. In London the shops still use horse-drawn vans to serve their customers, and the horses still look well-fed. But the question of their feed is becoming more difficult.

I did not see any women driving buses or taxis, but the majority of the bus conductors are now women. They wear grey dresses with flared skirts and grey caps with visors, pulled down at a rakish angle. They pick up the ropes very quickly, but a new conductress sometimes provides amusement by asking the passengers "Where is this ?" They soon learn to cope with the rush hours, and in slacker morning hours when a bus is half empty they come inside and promote a friendly general conversation. The drivers keep a friendly eye looking through their back window at the halts, and they help the girls a lot. A number of drivers have already married their conductors, and that makes the bus roll smoothly along.

Women are being called up rapidly now, and the summons has about reached those born in 1915. Those who had not already volunteered are beginning to regret it. As far as possible the conscripts are allowed some choice in the form of service, but there is a limit to that.

The girls are accused of sometimes choosing a service according to its uniform. R.A.F. blue is a great favourite. The Navy uniform with a three-cornered hat, white collar, black tie, a neat costume so dark blue as to be almost black, and black stockings and shoes, is actually the smartest.

There are a number of wealthy women who are curiously insensitive to public opinion. Where they get their petrol from is a mystery probably carefully shrouded. But any morning you may still see women in furs shopping in Bond Street and its neighbourhood in big cars driven by liveried chauffeurs. Often there is a pet dog in the car. These women get a lot of "dirty looks," but do not seem conscious of it. The question of pets crops up quite often now in conversation. Dogs are darlings, but there are vast multitudes of them in dog-loving Britain. And their food mounts up to a big total.

WITH THE R.A.F.

A day and a night with the Bomber Command were of fascinating interest. The R.A.F. is now adequately housed at most stations in premises specially built. So I think is, at any rate, a large part of the Army. The messes are spacious, and there is hot water in the bedrooms which is quite often hot

After lunch I spent an afternoon listening to stories of happenings while I sat in cockpits of different types and marvelled at the number of gadgets that the pilot of to-day has to be familiar with. In the last war we thought we had too many, and those we had were rather despised. To "fly by feel" and not by instruments was supposed to be the mark of a good flyer, and "keep her nose two feet above the horizon" was the simple tip for straight flying which my first instructors gave to me in those days. Nowadays nobody can afford to be sniffy about instruments, and there are enough of them to rig a ladies' hairdresser's

At five o'clock we went to the briefing room. All the regulars attended whether they were to fly that night or not. Everything was simple and informal. There was a big map showing the target for the night. This was Kiel, and an officer got up and gave details about the target, with a pointer on the map. There was also a subsidiary look-in at Berlin, and an alternative target on the homeward journey in case the Kiel objectives could not be reached. Several others spoke in turn, including the weather man, and times and order of departure were all given out, as well as the details for the flare path. The last speaker wished the flyers luck, and we filed out.

When night had fallen we went to the control room, and heard the messages spoken to different squadrons with insistent repetition. "Are you there, Antelope?" (I'm inventing the names). "Are you there. Antelope? This is Potiphar calling, this is Potiphar calling, this is

Potiphar calling." We went up to the roof, and saw the planes starting to move towards their places. Then we went to the aerodrome, and watched them one by one reach their position and take off for Kiel. When they had all gone I went and lay down for a bit but in the small hours of the morning I was back in the control room. At first the Squadron-Leader who sat at the radio table had only talk with other stations but presently there was news of the first returning plane. B for Bertie was asking for a "fix." To ask for a "fix" means to ask for your co-ordinates on the map, and B for Bertie wanted to know precisely where he was. Instantly he got his fix, and on a great blackboard, where all the planes were entered as Christian names, it was recorded that B for Bertie at such a time had such a fix. A few minutes later B for Bertie landed, and this went on the board. It now contained B for Bertie's timings from start to finish.

They began to come in quite fast. G for Geoffrey, C for Charlie, T for Tommy asked for fixes, and landed, H for Henry got over another aerodrome and was told to land there. With daylight peeping in the board was full, all but for P for Paddy.

"Is that you, Antelope ? Is that you, Antelope ? This is Potiphar calling. Potiphar calling. Potiphar calling. Have you any news of P for Paddy ? Have you any news of P for Paddy ?"

No, nobody had any news of P for Paddy.

As the song says, my heart stood still. How I longed that on the night I was there everybody should get safely home.

I looked for comfort at a young lad with a D.F.C. ribbon who stood beside me, and he said :

"I'm not worrying. It's only Flanagan. He's always late. Stays over the target and messes about. We've given him up several times, but he always turns up."

But everybody else was back, and still the minutes passed.

Then a sudden joyous note from the Squadron-Leader :
"P for Paddy asking for a fix."

One felt the relief that went round the room in a wave. I looked at the lad who had said he wasn't worrying. He was smiling peacefully like the rest of us.

"All our aircraft returned safely." O grand !

When the crews landed they had coffee and sandwiches, and then in pairs they strolled into the control room. Then I realized how completely different in type is the discipline of the R.A.F. to-day from the old Army discipline. In the majority of the planes which went over that night the aircraft captain was a sergeant pilot, though the crews contained officers much senior to him, in one case a wing commander. Sergeant and squadron-leader, or it might be wing commander, smoking cigarettes, strolled up to a table where sat the adjutant, a junior officer. He interrogated them. The sergeant replied, and told his story, turning to his officer comrade at times for query or confirmation. Sometimes they were arm in arm, or one would lean up against the other. The officer gave his impressions also, and put in any that he thought might be useful. The adjutant thanked them, and passed them on to a specialist who had some questions to ask, while he took on another pair.

Officers frequently visit their friends in the sergeants' mess. In the Army, too, there is a change, though it is much more conservative than the R.A.F. In restaurants you sometimes see privates dining with colonels, and at bars and dance places there is a glorious mix-up. Some regiments stick out for the old regime, and in one town this summer there was quite a fuss, because a C. O. fixed that officers and men should have different nights for attending the casino : at least I think it was the casino.

Four months after my visit to the Bomber Command I went to the *premiere* of the R.A.F. film *Target for To-night*. I could hardly believe my eyes. There was a plane that did not come back when all the others had returned. This time it was F for Freddie who was the laggard. But he was a wild fellow just like my Flanagan, who was always late. And sure enough he turned up.

F for Freddie had a greater adventure than my P for Paddy. So don't miss *Target for To-night* when it comes your way.

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LONDON'S CHANGING FACE

IT is disconcerting to find that familiar things recently seen have disappeared. One day I lunched in a chop house, not a smart place but centuries old and well known to many Londoners, Stone's chop house in Pantan Street opposite the Comedy Theatre. I have known it off and on for forty years. It always had waiters who lasted half century, who were usually slightly tipsy, and were known by their Christian names. There were two twins, Fred and Charles, who had been there for fifty years when I first knew it, and a young Charles who was coming on. Later I saw young Charles when he was old, tipsy, and "a character" just like one of the twins. Toasted cheese and Bass's Number One Barley Wine were the *specialites de la maison*.

Two days after my lunch I happened to pass through Pantan Street. Where Stone's had been there was nothing but rubble. Centuries of tavern cheer had gone for ever. Similarly in the centre of Jermyn Street there was a great desolation, in the neighbourhood of Dunhill's tobacco shop, and the north and south-west corners of Duke Street. On the north corner Lord Kimberly was killed where he slept, in a block of flats. Across the way Fortnum and Mason's shop, which backs on to Jermyn Street, was damaged. Sir George Schuster's house in St. James's Place went in that "blitz." It was bombed into its foundations, nothing left of it. Fortunately he and Lady Schuster were not there. Now, when in London, they live in the mews.

The Provost of Eton, once well known as Lord Hugh Cecil, but who is now Lord Quickswood, wrote a letter to *The Times* to say that the whole charm of the City of London was its twisting alleys, narrow lanes, and dark corners, and that it must be rebuilt exactly as it was. Nothing must be lost. This produced much ribald comment, but won no votes. Most people admit that in his own nasty way Hitler is doing a power of good, and that he really has done a good job in the City. That London would

soon have to be replanned and rebuilt was recognized before the war. The Bresse Report, with a plan for reconstruction on a large scale, and providing for a London of over ten million people, appeared in 1938. Everybody however shrank from the appalling expense.

Such was the inertia that things might have kept on going from bad to worse for another twenty years or more. Now there is relief that at least the old has been swept away, and that reconstruction is inevitable. "The things we owe to Hitler!" people say. He is the destructive genius. After he has destroyed himself in his final acts of destruction the world will need its constructive genius, and probably find him

Early in the war somebody had an idea labelled bright that strips of tape or paper ribbon pasted across windows protected them from blast, or from breaking from vibration. Nobody thinks very much of that idea now, but both in town and country you still see these tapes pasted across the windows. More substantial protection is afforded by sandbags or brick masks for doors and windows on the street level. Most people keep some sandbags handy for use against incendiary bombs, and stray buckets of water about the house. Some fill a bath before they go to bed.

Fire watching is not popular. By the end of April it was recognized that it was being done on quite an inadequate scale, and there was an urgent call for volunteers. Still the response was inadequate, there was much talk of using the compulsory powers, and finally in the City of Westminster, which was the most laggard, compulsion was, I think, resorted to. After a long day's work a night's fire watching is unattractive. Also many who were called upon to serve in the locality where they lived put forward as an excuse that they were already doing their turn on business premises. In most firms the staff have allotted nights for sleeping at the offices. Members of the House of Commons and House of Lords do night duty in the Palace of Westminster, and even important officials in the Secretariat of the War Cabinet fire watch in Downing Street.

My wife and I were out of London during a fierce raid on Chelsea. We left our house a few hours before. An incendiary bomb went through the roof and the floors till it reached the kitchen, where it rolled under the table. Our one maid arose from slumber in the basement and, after first mounting to the roof, looked into the kitchen which she has kept superbly clean for fifteen years. To her disgust it was filled with dust and confusion. Not liking the look of it at all she decided to go back to bed. Four hours later the "All Clear" sounded. That, she felt, made a lot of difference, so she got up, went round to the Warden's Post, and reported the matter. A Warden came and took the unexploded bomb away in a bucket.

INDISCRIMINATE BOMBING

IT is surprising how hard it still is for a bomber to hit any particular objective. The amount of valuable stuff the Germans have dropped harmlessly in the waters of the Thames must be enough to have blown up a big percentage of munition works. Of course the Nazis are not particular about their objective. In London they have plainly often set out with no other target than the town. In Plymouth and elsewhere also their definite target has been the centre of the town. But on the other hand I saw numerous places where they clearly had been trying to get a valuable objective of military importance, a viaduct or power station, or a plant, and had missed completely.

Coventry is a sad sight, as a vast number of dwelling houses were damaged. That of course in itself caused some interference with production. But by comparison the factory damage was extraordinarily slight, and as the housing question was taken in hand quickly and the homeless disposed of, I found when I visited Coventry at the end of March that the rhythm of production was fully resumed.

The early big provincial bombings found most cities mentally ill-prepared. It was a wise move to set up regional organizations before the war, but for too long the regional people found themselves tacitly, or even openly, obstructed by the local municipalities. When they approached the Mayors and Corporations with suggestions and requests they were told that the Mayors and Corporations had the matter in hand and would prefer to deal with it themselves ; also that they thought they were equal to dealing with any emergency.

They weren't, poor dears, as they discovered to their cost.

Generally they appointed an "Emergency Committee" beforehand, and felt that they had disposed of the

issue. The Emergency Committee met several times and drew up a fine scheme. Fires, rescues, casualties, housing, feeding, all found a place in the beautiful plan. But that was as far as things got in some cases. The plan had no existence except on paper.

Then came the "blitz," and the breakdown. Chastened councillors, finding their own resources inadequate for the catastrophe, sent an SOS to regional headquarters. The fact has clearly emerged that the cities and boroughs are too small areas to be self-contained and self-controlled in the emergency of modern war. Both resources and experience have to be pooled. But it takes a lot of bombing to teach some of the Mayors, and above all the Town Clerks. In London they are only now getting down to a common fire-fighting organization. And on the general question the Mayor of a leading London borough wrote to *The Times* quite lately expressing his determination to defend its independence to the last. "Over my dead body" was in effect what he wrote.

Here we see in miniature the isolationist rot that has paralysed the world, and given Hitler his walks over. We have been told that no man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself but it is surprising what a lot of people there are who want to do both.

In several places that I visited the Town Clerk was a subject of heated controversy. (As in a previous article I have mentioned the Town Clerk of Dover, let me say that I heard no criticism there.)

Town Clerks are invaluable in times of peace. They are the experts who know the law, and keep temperamental Mayors and councillors on the straight and narrow path. They explain what the Corporation's powers are and what they are not.

But in practice this means that they spend most of their lives preventing things from being done.

This is not so admirable in wartime. The Town Clerks still always have a good legal reason why things can't be done. But the things just have to be done, and quickly too, despite the good reason. This has caused

friction both between Town Clerks and Emergency Committees and between Corporations and the regional authorities. Some of the things that are done, and have to be done, have brought Town Clerks to an almost apoplectic condition.

In Coventry the Emergency Committee had no machinery in advance which was prepared for such an unparalleled disaster. But it had an extremely forceful and resourceful alderman as Chairman. When the regional people and the military authorities arrived and attended the first hastily summoned meeting, he retained the command with their very effective support. Immediate S.O.S. were sent to London and other places, and soon trained fire-fighters, demolition squads, and experienced A.R.P. wardens were arriving in lorries at racing speed. Coventry itself rose manfully to leadership. It accepted two difficult decisions which the Chairman of the Emergency Committee had to make; first that the flow of visitors seeking to identify remains of missing relatives where the dead were collected should cease, and secondly that the dead should be buried in a common grave. That was the first instance of this, but the precedent has in like case been followed in some other towns.

SHILLING LUNCHES

I had a shilling lunch at an emergency communal feeding centre in Coventry. It was a sit-down lunch of soup, meat and pudding and there was a clean white tablecloth. For much more money one got not much better food at a restaurant in London. In public houses there is often excellent roast beef and mutton with two vegetables and pudding for half a crown, whereas at a fashionable restaurant you may be told either that the beef or mutton is finished or that there is not any to-day.

For those who could afford it salmon was a great stand-by this season. Never have I seen or eaten so much Scotch salmon. In March it was on the first menu I saw, and it was still going strong in August, though by that time it had risen to seven shillings a pound. Smoked salmon also was in great profusion and did not count as a "main dish" in the restaurant rationing rules.

There is a great development of the canteen system for workers. For those who have the right to get meals at a canteen it greatly eases the shopping problem. A mother who has to do her own shopping and find meals for herself and her children is glad if she has not also to provide her husband with a sandwich meal to take with him to his work.

There have been no epidemics and the health record of the country keeps high. But on the general question there are decidedly two opinions. Some say that they have never seen people looking so well, and that obviously they used to eat too much. Others say they see signs of underfeeding and that they know for a fact that many people are hungry. A Cabinet Minister has said that hard manual workers are not getting the full nourishment they used to get and cannot be expected to work miracles in output.

There is a common impression that the fighting services get very special consideration. That is also what people would like, but I saw no evidence of this in messes.

THIS MY WAR
UNCLE ARTHUR DOES A LITTLE
DISHFUL THINKING



Cartoon by Shankar in *The Hindusthan Times*.

Butter and jam were as sparingly issued as in a restaurant. The meals were adequate but no more, and on a less generous scale than in the last war, if my memory is right. Public schoolboys serving in the ranks find it trying at first to carry through from early afternoon till next day without a regular meal, but that has always been the private soldier's lot. The well-to-do are learning a lot about the poor in this war. Some turned up their noses at the insanitary ways of the slum children who were billeted in the country. But most people took it the other way, and felt qualms of conscience that their own sheltered, ordered, comfortable lives had been based on the service of people so miserably housed and fed as to resemble animals. There is a feeling that there has been too much cake for some and too little bread for others. A much keener social conscience is in the making.

What is distressing is the number of people who have no conscience at all. The racketeer still abounds. There are many prosecutions and some very sharp sentences but nothing stops the racketing. As soon as the price of anything is "controlled," that is, fixed at a maximum that should keep it within the means of the public, it goes right off the market. Soft fruit, for example, was rarely seen at any greengrocers or on a market stall in London this year, so householders could not get it. It could be had in restaurants where it appeared on the menu at a fancy price. Fruit growers get no more at the controlled price for their fruit in London than they did locally, so they sell it locally. Some Londoners got their only taste of a strawberry this year by going to the country, picking the fruit themselves, and paying the grower for what they purchased.

Onions and tomatoes were as rare as oranges and lemons. On the other hand carrots were common. There was much propaganda in praise of carrots. They are apparently good either for fattening or slimming and are simply bursting with vitamins. But human nature remains true to form. People who once adored *carottes a la creme* and lumped onions with garlic and other strong scented things as untouchables now find carrots dull, and sigh "O for an onion!"

NEW SCARCITY VALUES

PLEASURES simplify as the war goes on, and scarcity values become amusing. I had become so accustomed to hearing about the disappearance of oranges and lemons that I stopped and stared when one day I saw a child playing with an orange in the Park. At intervals one read of enormous cargoes of oranges arriving, but where the oranges went to was the angry question many were asking. One cargo appeared to have somehow got dispersed entirely into the hands of racketeers, but the clamour was so great that it was announced that a large number of cases had been disgorged and distributed to hospitals and children. The orange question was looking up later on. I never actually "contacted" an orange, but in August I gave a schoolboy a restaurant gorge which he was able to round off with an orange.

Alleged lemon essence is served with oysters and other dishes where a squeeze of lemon was once indicated. Bottled lemon and orange juice lasted well, but got very scarce about July. News that a "blitzed" stock of any of the well-known brands of fruit juice is being sold off travels fast. Biscuits are also hard to come by, but there is a great outcrop of various kinds of "energy" rusks. Marmalade or jam is down to about a pot a month for a small household. Honey was unrationed up to the end of the spring season, and the bees had produced no new stock up to the time I left, or their first efforts had not reached the market. It was to be rationed in the autumn. Milk, hitherto unrationed, was to be rationed on the first of October, but a strong effort was being made to get Lord Woolton to change his decision over that. The argument was that no milk was being wasted anyhow. People did not drink it in excess and the unrationed distribution was working satisfactorily for the public.

Eggs are now rigorously rationed. There was a first-class row when private poultry owners were forbidden to keep more than twelve hens, but also there was a

huge slaughter not only of the unlucky thirteenths, but of many more. Then the order was modified, and the number doubled. Eggs (absence of) figure much in housewives' conversation. I ate an American egg before I left which, unlike the curate's, was sound throughout.

The fact that those who can afford it can go to restaurants and lunch and dine there every day without presenting ration coupons is an increasing grievance with the great majority. Although there is a great mix up of classes and a new comradeship and understanding, there is also a rapidly growing hatred of privilege. Hardship is willingly accepted, provided it is shared by all. But there is intense jealousy where money or rank are suspected of having a "pull". This feeling is so widespread that the Government will undoubtedly be compelled to develop communal feeding centres much more, and to bring the restaurants more strictly into the rationing system. At present those who possess a caterers' ticket can get things which are out of reach of the householder, and if they are unscrupulous can provide for friends who can pay.

Food laws are hard to enforce. When it is a question of appeasing the stomach some people will carry the policy of appeasement to great lengths, and neither national nor international law will bind them.

Last winter many of the restaurants gave up serving dinners. What with the "blitz" and the black-out and the food restrictions, this was too much for them. This summer in the long "unblitzed" evenings a number of these reopened. There are no public dinners, but a great outbreak of public luncheons. Ministerial pronouncements are often made at luncheons. The restaurants are thronged at the lunch hour. People pour out of the big Ministries punctually at one o'clock and rush for a table. If you arrive at any of the well-known places nearer two o'clock than one you will find that the more substantial main dishes figuring on the card are "off."

"No sole, no beef, and no mutton, sir. There's cod steak, fried smelts, and calves' head "

Underground shelters in leading restaurants provide "buttery" meals (but not very buttery) at reasonable

prices and do a brisk bar trade. "L'Abri du Ritz," "Claridge's Causerie," and so on appear to prosper.

Clubs have a hard time. My own which shall be nameless used to be famous for food as well as conversation when I joined it thirty-three years ago. Now it seemed to me to be overdoing its reliance on conversation. The Oriental, well-known to Calcutta people, has a busy lunch hour, and copes well with the situation. The Athenaeum is so crowded that members are strictly rationed as to the number of guests they can invite. White's seemed to me to have a surprising variety at its appetising cold table and Brooks's—run by a former Secretary of the Bengal—also entertains you handsomely. Club servants are scarce also. The butler of mine who, although not then at the top, was already a character when I was first elected, and whose picture (as a wine connoisseur; he acquired his knowledge in the only practical way!) was in the evening papers when he retired with a presentation five years ago, has been dug out, and reigns again. Finding my needs specially consulted when visiting the Oriental, I looked up, to find it was this same Frank from my own club who was questioning me. During the summer cleaning period we were enjoying the hospitality of the Oriental, and the staff this year accompanied the members.

DAMAGE IN "BLITZED" TOWNS

WHEN you visit a "blitzed" city the people there ask you how it compares with others you have seen. It is not tactful to tell them that any town has suffered more. Comparisons are in any case valueless, and are difficult to make. London's vastness dwarfs everything, and the destruction wrought in a particular area of London in a "blitz" would mean catastrophe for the whole of a large provincial city. Birmingham claimed to have had more casualties than Coventry, and Birmingham had certainly suffered terribly. But the damage was more spread and less spectacular.

Bristol is the headquarters of a great regional organization, extending into Wales, Cornwall and Devon. Major-General Lindsay, who took such a keen interest in Bengali youth when he commanded the Presidency and Assam District, is the Deputy Director and has had a strenuous year. Bristol town has suffered heavily, but fortunately provided really striking illustrations of how Jerry can miss the things that in wartime matter most. From Bristol I went to Cardiff which is in the same regional area. Damage to dwelling houses was in Cardiff much more scattered than in Bristol, but the town had been well peppered with incendiary bombs. Citizens quickly get used to tackling incendiary bombs, and in a raid naturally they have a great interest in watching their own roofs, and instantly putting out bombs where they can. When therefore there is a heavy raid of this type some of the voluntary workers who would otherwise be available for fire-fighting or rescue work where a land-mine has dropped are not to be found. They are busy saving their own homes.

At Cardiff I got an urgent message to go to Plymouth at once, and did so by car. I had to go back to Bristol before heading south-west. Some miles outside Bristol I was shown the remains of a lonely wayside public house. I was told that a nervous man from Bristol had moved on

to the public house, but the first night he slept there a lone roving German plane made a direct hit on it. The nervous man's number was on the bomb.

The Devon country looked very peaceful and showed little signs of damage in a long afternoon's motoring. We were too late to get into Plymouth in the dark, so we slept at Exeter. The Germans had looked in at Exeter, but the damage was not serious.

Next morning early we were in Plymouth, which had been bombed for two successive nights, and was in bad case. The Germans had been driven away from the docks, and had concentrated on the very centre of the town. Here the damage was terrible, and fires were still smouldering, but not blazing. The Municipality had been bombed out, St. Andrew's Church, which was Sir Francis Drake's church, was gone, demolition squads were pulling down dangerous walls and blowing up obstructions. One saw tall bits of masonry lassoed with a rope and pulled over. Streets were roped off and warnings flew round of explosions which were about to take place. I visited the *Western Morning News* and found it had suffered badly. Feverish efforts were being made to clear up. Harold Harmsworth, who took me round, showed me some rusty charred old junk. This was all that was left of his beautiful Rolls Royce. The paper was being brought out that day from Exeter. At Coventry too I had seen a newspaper office out of action, and the paper was printed daily at Leamington.

The unexploded time-bomb is a great nuisance. It causes an isolation centre for an indefinite period. Driving in the depth of the country you may be forced to make a considerable detour because there is an unexploded bomb, and the road is barred.

Viscount Astor is the Mayor of Plymouth, and his wife is its Member of Parliament. He was unfortunately ill, but his wife was working heroically. I visited the Deputy Mayor, and also the councillors who were in session with the Town Clerk in an emergency meeting place. While I was with them a deputation from Exeter's Corporation arrived. It had come to learn how to cope with a "blitz."

In the streets people were still going about their business calmly. There was no sign of panic. Shops in a partially "blitzed" condition were doing business as best they could, and sorting out the damaged stock at the same time. There were flower shops open, and people buying fresh flowers which had come in from the country that morning.

In a ready-made tailor's shop every bit of the plate-glass front was in small fragments on the pavement or inside on the floor. And from inside every single thing had been blown out and had disappeared, except one absurd wax model. This inscrutable mannikin remained untouched, and surveyed the scene of desolation in evening dress, complete with boiled shirt.

The Hoe had suffered less than the centre. What would have happened to the town but for the Navy the citizens did not like to think. The Navy had been magnificent. So had the Sappers from the Army. The Corporation had been caught with a plan which existed only on paper. The immediate brunt of the work of fighting the catastrophe was borne by the Services. At Coventry, too, I heard unstinted tribute to the Royal Engineers.

Alas, Plymouth's troubles were far from at an end. After that there were other terrible "blitzes," leading to a large scale evacuation. But at last in May came a period of peace, and reconstruction of sadly deranged social services.

The men of Devon are worthy of their fathers, and seeing the Plymouth people in their hours of trial I ended the busy day with an impression not of despair or even of sadness, but of indomitable resolution and cheerfulness. But the men of Devon were specially enthusiastic about the calm courage of the women. The girls at the telephone exchange and the girl clerks in control stations carried on at their work in *bombed and burning buildings* calmly and methodically, passing on every instruction and rendering absolutely priceless service, and would not leave till they were told to go.

In the small hours of the morning by dint of telephoning I got a taxi at the Hoe. Before the Cornish Express came

in I had to wait some hours on a railway station which still functioned. There was some comprehensible vagueness about the platform at which trains would arrive. But at least they arrived. The Germans gave the town a rest that night, and no planes came over. The first signs of dawn were appearing when we steamed away to London. London, too, had had a quiet night.

HOW CHILDREN FARE

WHEN I reached England in the spring there were quite a lot of children to be seen in London. These were mostly children of shopkeepers and workmen and were to be seen playing in the streets in the old fashion. I doubt if London was ever really emptied of children, and certainly the returning tide is running strongly. There are posters all over the place appealing to parents to send their children out of London, but many mothers who had done so now find the urge to have their children back too much for them. People have begun to be more philosophic about the "blitz." Children, unless their parents set out to alarm them, are not easily frightened in advance. Life to them is adventure, and they take things as they come. So—it was argued—why not keep the family together and let them share the danger with their parents?

When the school holidays came round one saw a fair sprinkling of the children of more prosperous parents, especially in the summer holidays when there had been a long lull in the "blitz." Summer holidays in the ordinary sense were themselves a problem. Large areas of the coast are forbidden to visitors. In those parts where visitors from outside the area are allowed the sea itself is frequently inaccessible, as the foreshore is wired. So the delights of bathing and digging castles in the sand are harder to come by, and the possibilities of London in August received consideration.

From Canada and the United States also there was a returning tide. Many mothers bitterly regretted the early impulse which made them send their children across the seas. Like the Cockney mothers who wanted their children back in London from the country, the middle-class mother yearned to have her children back in England from Canada. Moreover experience had shown that there were many places in the United Kingdom where one could still be ordinarily as "safe as houses", meaning by that as safe as houses used to be.

When you read about how well people at Home behave and how resolute the country is, don't run away

with the idea that people like the "blitz." I don't think that anyone likes a "blitz," and although familiarity does breed stolidity, a technique, and a philosophy, the more you see of a "blitz" the less you like it.

Another reason for the desire to get children back from America is that owing to the currency restrictions parents are unable to pay for their maintenance there. They are not allowed to buy dollars to reimburse those who have taken their children in. This in effect means either that the American hosts are committed to a very protracted act of generosity, or that a bill is mounting up which cannot be settled "for the duration." And then there are problems of education, of outlook, of different modes of living and expression. But it is not easy to get passages. The Atlantic sea route is not attractive. The air route is very congested and also expensive.

Some succeed however. At La Guardia Airport on the morning when I left New York for Lisbon a girl of twelve was entrusted to my care. She had been for a year in Canada with relatives and as her father had been a Surgeon-General during Lord Halifax's Viceroyalty, Lady Halifax had interested herself in procuring a clipper passage. The child, who had acquired a Canadian accent, was a grand little traveller and no trouble. But I had to leave her behind in Lisbon in the very tender care of the Scotch padre and his wife. The Padre had been a chaplain in Simla.

On my return journey also I found in Lisbon British children, who had arrived from America and were awaiting passages to England.

In America I was the week-end guest of Mr. Suydam Cutting, the Tibetan traveller, and his wife at their lovely home in New Jersey. They had two English children, a brother and sister, staying with them, who were having a marvellous time and had lately had a long holiday on a ranch in Texas. On the following Sunday they were to conduct a broadcast conversation with their parents in England. "I do hope they won't suddenly say 'Oh Boy I' in the middle of it," confessed Mrs. Suydam Cutting to me.

There has since been some acrimonious writing in the British Press because two precocious children of a Balliol don have been allowed to publish a supercilious book about their American hosts and their experiences. It is called "Thank You, Twice," because, as they record, their parents wrote them that Americans liked to be thanked repeatedly. An American edition is to be called "Thanks A Million." Not very nice children on their own showing, and their father seemed to be just too too Senior Common Room.

American hospitality is proverbial, and its spontaneity is very delightful. To me it was an interesting experience to stay in an American country house. This was a very luxurious one, where the Duke of Kent had recently been staying. It had that colonial art of appearing unpretentious and part of the landscape, not a "stately home" or a castle. But appearances were deceptive. Indoors it had flood-lit tennis courts and a swimming pool. I slept in a self-contained suite of rooms. And, Oh Boy ! the plumbing ! I had two separate bathrooms, one entirely composed of showers that hit you at every angle.

"DIG FOR VICTORY"

ENGLAND, Scotland and Wales are to-day covered with aerodromes. The space they occupy is publicly deplored as making a serious inroad on the amount of land available for cultivation. There is a great drive to increase this. Secretaries of golf courses are very anxious to prove that they are growing onions in the rough and that sheep are grazing in the fairway. Some desire that all Hyde Park shall be ploughed. In Battersea Park you can see fine stretches of vegetables in allotments, and in the evenings and on Sundays watch Londoners digging vigorously. They seem to enjoy this vegetable gardening, and the results are there to be admired.

Mr. Hudson, the Minister for Agriculture, made an unduly optimistic speech too early, about the harvest. It was not the record bumper which he predicted. The long cold spring which on the whole had pleased the farmers, if nobody else, finished off with a blighting frost, and there was no summer at all till mid June. Then the weather went to the other extreme, and there was a heat wave.

There is a recurring tug between the claims for manpower of agriculture and industry on the one hand, and the fighting services on the other. Too many men have been taken from the land, say the farmers. We have not enough to sow, save or sell the crops. To which the Government reply that they can give the farmers all the land girls they need and that the farmers should not be so conservative and sceptical about the girls. Generally the farmers begin by being rather scornful about land girls but usually they have to "hand it" to them, and handsomely admit that they were mistaken and that the girls are grand.

Then the coal industry has powerful claims. No one suggests that it is practicable to turn girls into miners. The miner's work is not only very skilled but very hard.

It seems clear that too many miners were taken out of the industry and put into the Army. There has had to be a measure of recall.

But there is also a demand that the Army shall disgorge men for the factories. It is agreed on all hands that output is unsatisfactory. Some managements say the workers do not work enough, are not keen on overtime except perhaps on a Sunday when they get double pay, and that they need more men. The workers claim that they are second to none in their determination to defeat Hitler, but through their Trade Unions they have criticized the managements. The authorities firmly take the line that they are not going to release men for industry unless in special cases. They do not think they have called up too many men and reject outright the suggestion that such a large army is not needed. Hitler, they say, will have to be fought somewhere some day on land as well as on the sea and in the air. Now that France's national army is out of the picture, Britain has to provide not only a huge Navy and a huge Air Force but also the equivalent of the missing continental conscript army. Hitler, they hold, may yet attempt to invade Britain. Whether he does or does not, they hint not obscurely that it will be our turn one day to invade his realm.

This is unanswerable, and so while the R.A.F. and the Navy expand continually, one also sees a great Army being intensively trained, and industry urged to provide it with tanks and all the apparatus of modern war.

Everywhere you see soldiers. The trains and the corridors of trains are full of them. There has been an outcry in the Press against the reservation of first-class carriages, and their complete abolition has been demanded. In response it was announced that anybody who could not find a seat in a third-class carriage is entitled to sit in a first-class carriage. The number of these has also been much reduced. But still the corridors are full of patient cheery soldiers, whose bulging equipment makes movement difficult for themselves and those who have to pass.

The Army is of course restless at the long inaction, and especially because it lacks a clear success as yet in a straight encounter with the Germans. Needless to say officers and men are supremely confident that they are as good as the Germans any day. The Navy and the Air Force are just as convinced of that as they are themselves, and are well aware that the Army has never yet been given a fair chance except against Italians, and that wherever it has met the Germans it has been outnumbered and hopelessly under-equipped. Nevertheless the Army has to stand a lot of entirely good-natured chaff, which it does not relish. I heard a naval officer set a table in a roar by saying that "the function of the Home Guard in case of invasion is to hold these islands for 48 hours while the Navy evacuates the Army to Canada." Then there was the wag who invented the Middle Eastern *communique*: "From all of these operations only four of our generals failed to return."

The most restive of all at enforced inaction are the Canadians. The Australians and South Africans have had plenty of action, but Canadians, unless they are flyers, are still waiting their turn, and there is enough Dominion emulation in desire to do their bit and "have a go at Hitler" to make the wait seem long.

Sooner or later Hitler is likely to be sorry when he meets the British Commonwealth on land. He must already be rather tired of the Navy and the R.A.F.

WARDENS RISE TO THE OCCASION

OF the Civil Defence Services in Britain probably the Rescue and Demolition Squads win the most general admiration. The things they do ("all in the night's work") are heroic on the grand scale. The Auxiliary Fire Service is in the same category.

Next may come the Wardens. So short-sighted was a section of the public that in the first year of the war the Wardens were actually jeered at. Their chief business seemed to be to tell people that they were showing lights, and sometimes they had to report those who continually offended and to get them fined. On duty the women wear trousers (they and the land girls are the only uniformed women workers without skirts), and walking about equipped with their masks and helmets they were sometimes mocked by the children in their own neighbourhoods.

But when the London "blitz" began in August 1940 all that changed in one day. The Wardens' stock rose steeply on the market. The neighbourhood turned instantaneously to the Wardens' Post. Here in an awful catastrophe when it seemed as if heaven and earth were falling were the local equivalent of the Old Contemptibles. Here at least were people who were supposed to know and be able to do something about "all that sort of thing." Many people wanted to live at the Post, and it had to be explained to them that the Post was not a public shelter.

But the Wardens rose nobly to the occasion. The neighbours who had hated them as busybodies began to recognize them as saviours. Indifference and dislike gave way to popularity and gratitude. The Air Raid Wardens in London are to-day the universal aunts and uncles. "Ask the Wardens" or "Get the Wardens" or "Tell the Wardens" is the prompt suggestion if there is a new job to be done. They now know the private lives of everybody in their sector, whose sons and daughters are serving or working where, how many people sleep on

any floor, and who is to be found in the pub and who at a prayer meeting. People ask them to keep their keys when they go away and even to feed the cat, take in the milk, or pay the rent.

There has been some oscillation in policy. It was largely a voluntary organization when war broke out. Then a lot of paid Wardens were brought in, and the majority of the more responsible positions were allotted to them. Now many of the younger paid Wardens have been called up for other work, and there is a tendency to rely more on voluntary workers.

Some voices are indeed heard suggesting that the A.R.P. service is being dangerously denuded. Many of the volunteer workers who joined the service a year or two before the war and "know their stuff" are middle-aged, or even more elderly, women. The tasks they are calling upon to do during a "blitz" are, it seemed to me, often excessive. They are sometimes expected to climb on roofs to put out incendiary bombs, and to join in the work of pulling out bodies, dead or alive, from debris, or even to take charge of panicking horses.

And there are of course many cases of human breakdown that have to be dealt with. There are citizens of both sexes to whom the "blitz" is nightmare terror, and on whose insides it has an immediate physical effect. These people cannot help themselves. Those who can leave London for some safe area do so, and it is much better that they should.

Admiral Evans ("of the Broke") is London's Chief Warden. He and Lady Evans came to a small private party to meet Dr. E. Raghavendra Rao after his appointment as Minister of Civil Defence in India. So did the Town Clerk of London who by the way is not one of those experts in preventing things from being done of whom I have written previously.

The Home Guard is a pervasive organization full of keenness and still engaged in the business of finding itself. Till the spring it was everywhere locally self-contained. Then the local units were affiliated so as to produce battalions, and high-ranking officers began to

figure in it. There were letters in *The Times* asserting the virtues of isolation, and extolling the specially English beauty of a village show which neither knew nor cared about the next village. The introduction of ranks was also criticized, and a lot of people seemed convinced that the service was going to the dogs. However it is still going strong. There are many jokes about the Home Guard and his rifle being a menace to more than the German's and our airmen when baling out have nervous moments when they know that the Home Guard has its eye on them. But they are on very good terms with the public preserving the English tradition of the policeman. They do a great deal of the actual guarding of the coast. At a seaside hotel where I stayed they filed into the grounds every night, and camped there till dawn. In the country also they do the work of enforcing the black-out, which in London is more often left to the Air Raid Wardens.

THEATRE-GOING IN THE BLITZ

IN England in the war the theatre suffered an eclipse for a long period. In the first year people took the sound of sirens for a command to shelter. In the second winter the "blitz" was too recurrent to make theatre-going easy in the long dark nights. But this spring came the second hour of daylight saving, and a great revival.

People now go to the theatre at 6-30, and all through the summer they were able to see a play and still dine afterwards in daylight.

There did not however appear to be any very significant or important work being done. Reviews of the "Vanies" type are popular in wartime, and several of them were drawing packed houses. An American play called *No Time For Comedy* at the Haymarket was having a very long run, and is extremely well acted by Diana Wynyard and Rex Harrison. Noel Coward's spiritualist comedy *Blythe Spirit* has an essentially comic idea exploited to the full by Margaret Rutherford, Fay Compton, and Kay Hammond. *Quiet Week-End* is also a successful comedy of the drawing-room type. More significant was the great popularity of the ballet. The Sadlers Wells English Company had a successful season at the New Theatre, and also went on tour in the camps. Those who said the ballet would prove too high-brow for the troops were wrong, as it turned out to be the stuff to give them. An international ballet season afterwards opened at the Lyric. Shakespeare also proved a draw, (though only short seasons were attempted), at the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park and at the New, where Sybil Thorndike and Ernest Milton gave *King John*. Sybil Thorndike also revived *Medea*.

Enormous patient queues are to be seen outside the big cinemas. Frivolous films are popular, but so also are realist ones, such as *Love On The Dole*. Nothing ever stops *Gone With The Wind* from drawing. "Qui est cet

homme distingue ?" asked Talleyrand when he saw a man without a decoration at a diplomatic reception, and I am beginning to feel unique in never having seen this film although I did read Margaret Mitchell's book.

Fantasia I saw in New York on my way to England. Afterwards it reached London, but with one sound track instead of four. The controversy that started in America was chiefly about the music. The highbrows said that it was all wrong for Disney and Stokovski to produce fanciful coloured pictorial interpretations of Bach, Beethoven, Gounod and other great composers, or rather to invent fantasies of their own and weave classical music into them. I am not competent to take sides in the quarrel, but what seemed to me of surprising interest and significance was not the music but the pictures

Consider this fact. Till Disney came along although we had talked of moving pictures we had never had moving pictures. All we had were moving photographs. A great picture has far more artistic content than a fine photograph. But till Disney and the so-called "cartoonists" arrived all pictures were "stills". Yet much of the beauty of an artist's subject or model, whether the model be a landscape, or a sailing ship, or a lovely woman, is revealed in motion ; in waving trees, rippling water, swelling sails, moving eyes, lips, hands, feet.

We did not at first realize what a great thing had happened, because Disney and the others began with the comic strip, and were called cartoonists, a misleading name, Mickey Mouse, Felix the Cat, and Ferdinand the Bull amused us, but not much more.

But Disney has come to realize how much more he might do. From *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* onwards he seeks majesty and beauty increasingly. Gradually he is leaving the comic strip behind. Mickey Mouse appears only in one episode in *Fantasia* the Sorcerer's Apprentice. The others are musical allegories of the most ambitious character, and the actual projection is a nearer approach to three-dimensional representation than anything I have seen before.

Try to imagine what Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, El Greco, or Rembrandt could have given the world had they been able to paint moving pictures and use projectors. With this development future great masters will doubtless produce for us as yet unimaginably great works of art.

In New York in March it was quite impossible to get a seat to see Gertrude Lawrence in *Lady In The Dark*. But in September on my return I succeeded, and never have I seen such acting. I had seen Miss Lawrence in several plays, but had no conception that she had such a range. It is a psycho-analytic play in which she is rarely off the stage, and plays parts in dream and waking life of the most varied and intense character. If any reader ever has the chance to see her in this play that chance should not be missed. As a physical feat it is extraordinary. She plays six nights a week and twice at matinees. On Sunday, I was told, she retires into a nursing home!

Beyond Hollywood and the Beverley hills at Santa Monica I spent an evening with the Aldous Huxleys. He has just finished a biography of du Tremblay, the *Eminence Grise* of Cardinal Richelieu, and has evidently much enjoyed writing it. He was at work on the scenario of a film version of an unpublished work by an English author, I have forgotten whom, but not himself.

Los Angeles, which I had imagined as a scattered place smaller than San Francisco, contains twice the latter's population, and has 700,000 motor cars, which is more than one for every two persons. I spent a day with Dr. Millikan (of Millikan Ray fame) at the California Institute of Technology, in Pasadena, and saw in construction the largest telescope of the world. Also I stayed a night in Mt. Wilson Observatory, seeing, through the largest telescope in use, the stars that forever outshine Hollywood. With the film world of Hollywood I made no contact. The only cinema star I met in America was Kay Francis, who was on holiday in New Jersey and dropped in for a cocktail on Sunday evening with the Suydam Cuttings.

But the stars form a proportion of the clipper traffic. Gracie Fields hurried over to England for a short time in the hope of recovering her hold upon the British public's heart, which she lost when the Press publicized a story that she and her husband, "Monty" Banks, of Italian birth, had left for Hollywood on the entry of Italy into the war and had been allowed, despite currency restrictions, to transfer a large sum of money. On her return the Press worked hard for her, and tried to "sell" her back to the public. But the atmosphere remained cool, and soon Gracie went West once more. For her and P. G. Wodehouse it may never be "glad confident morning again."

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THE WORLD IN CONFLICT

THE LINE-UP IN AMERICA

(Published on November 11, 1941.)

WHEN I passed through the United States on my way to England the Lease and Lend Bill was passing through its final stages. Senators Wheeler and Nye were fighting it fiercely, and strong feeling was roused. It seemed to me—but I had not really much data to judge from—that the more the Senators shouted the more unpopular their views became. Undoubtedly the bulk of the Press was solidly behind the President. About that time the *Saturday Evening Post*, which had been very influentially isolationist, made it plain that it was not prepared to preach isolationism in the teeth of any genuine manifestation of national public opinion in favour of intervention, and that if the war drew nearer it would then support the President even if it disapproved of his earlier leadership. William Randolph Hearst made a somewhat similar statement. The Hearst Press to-day, though not positively friendly to Britain, is not hostile, and does not actually range itself with Senators Wheeler and Nye and Colonel Lindbergh. These two episodes seemed to me significant in the assessment of national opinion.

The President at that time was insistent that his policy was designed to keep America out of the war. America must both lease and lend all possible war material to Britain to enable Britain to keep Hitler at bay. If America did not do this, and Britain were defeated, then America would have to fight; for Hitler's ambitions did not stop at Europe. And by that time America would fight alone.

So ran the President's argument. Mr. Churchill closely collaborated. Britain did not need men to fight. She would find the men, but she needed supplies. "Give us the tools and we will finish the job."

But the public argument was for and against intervention. And after that there was a setback in intervention. This was marked when Russia was forced into the war. The calculation was that Hitler's hands were now much

fuller, his chance of ultimate victory greatly diminished. Even if victorious he was likely to be much too exhausted to be able to launch an attack upon America. A similar tranquilizing effect was noticed in Britain at that time, and the newspapers in chorus set out to denounce such complacency. In America the Gallup poll showed a marked drop in interventionist views

Then President Roosevelt made his "Shoot at Sight" speech, and during the fortnight that I was in the States on my return journey one could note the rise in the war party's strength daily. Colonel Lindbergh made a speech in which he lumped Britain, President Roosevelt and the Jews together as the wicked forces. Nobody seemed to mind much what he said about Britain or the President, but the outcry over his statement against the Jews was a revelation. It was regarded as peculiarly un-American and contrary to the whole spirit of the historic Constitution to introduce an anti-Semitic note. When the American Press smites it smites hard. Remembering that "Lindy" was once the nation's idol I was astonished at the volume of invective poured out. Even Senator Wheeler found it necessary to dissociate himself, and the "America First" Committee, a pro-Lindbergh organization, also deprecated the passage about the Jews. The speech did indeed bear the Hitler hall-mark too obviously and might almost have been written for Lindbergh in Berlin. About this time Senator Wheeler was rotten-egged in his native Montana. The American Mothers have now retaliated with eggs and tomatoes upon Lord Halifax. The Mothers are a very rowdy and bellicose "pacifist" organization. The Mothers were originally supposed to be mothers of sons in the American Expeditionary Force in the last war, but although the war has been over for twenty-three years there appear to be now more alleged mothers than there were sons. American Billingsgate is their speciality. Eggs are an extra.

The most important isolationist newspaper still remaining is the *Chicago Tribune*, owned by the McCormack family, of "Harvester" fame. Colonel John McCormack is bitterly opposed to the President. Colonel Frank Knox owns the *Chicago Daily News*, which has rendered the

world great service in faithfully exhibiting Hitler as he is ever since his rise to power. The Editor is one of three Mowrer brothers that serve the paper. Edgar Mowrer, then the Berlin correspondent, at the end of 1932, a month before Hitler became Chancellor, produced that remarkable book *Germany Puts The Clock Back*, the first of those brilliant books in which correspondents who knew the truth vainly tried to warn people who would not be warned. Edgar travelled up to Singapore in the clipper with me, where we visited the great Naval Base, and was going to Chungking.

But the *Chicago Daily News* is an evening paper, and the *Tribune* holds the morning field. So Marshall Field and Colonel Frank Knox are about to bring out a morning paper. It is sure to be a good one.

The American Press follows the war with the closest attention, and having practically unlimited space is actually the best informed in the world. It still retains correspondents in what to us are closed enemy countries. The leader-writing standard is very high. The courage and clarity of the unreservedly pro-British views expressed all over the country are very warming to the British heart. In New York the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* say all and more than all that we would wish to say for our cause. On the Pacific Coast I found the leading papers in Los Angeles and San Francisco equally outspoken.

THE NEED OF AN IDEAL

(Published on November 12, 1941.)

THE Americans have inherited and have intensified the British passion for an ideal, the desire to be "on God's side." Whatever our policies, however much they may be dictated by self-interest, we and they must always be able to prove to ourselves that we are altruistic. The classic example for both peoples is Mr Gladstone, in Labouchere's description of him. If we have a fifth ace up our sleeve to outwit our opponent at the card table, it must always be God who has put it there.

In both countries to-day there is overwhelming evidence of deep dissatisfaction at the lack of clear statement of war aims or peace aims. The British of course are well aware that they are fighting to save themselves. But that is not enough. They want a positive ideal. They suspect that powerful interests want to save not only the country but the old system which leads to wars. These people, they think, however patriotic they are, really contemplate nothing but a patched-up peace. Believing that "there must always be wars" and that a world order is an impossible dream, they can conceive of no other kind of peace, save a patched peace. By a good peace they only mean a long interval between two wars.

Whatever be the reason, the fact that the big public is not yet "all out" in this war is well-known to the authorities, and causes the gravest concern. The managements blame the workers who, they say, are getting unusually high wages, want time in which to spend them, and are not willing to work overtime. The Trade Unions assert that they are far more interested in winning the war and more determined to beat Hitler than the managements, and throw the blame on the latter. In the spring an S O S went out to the Press to urge upon the whole country the fact that it is not working hard enough, and to preach the overmastering need for stepping up production steeply. The Press has responded by appeal

after appeal. It has even in some cases been girding at the workers day after day.

But still the lag continues, and even those who write the appeals admit that they lack inspiration. There is large agreement as to what is the matter. The British people don't really contemplate the possibility of defeat at all. They take ultimate victory for granted. And while drawing good wages they are not particularly enthusiastic about mere victory. They want something which will make the "blitz" impossible for ever. They have a strong feeling of solidarity with workers all over the world, and while well aware of the necessity for bombing enemy cities they do not share the satisfaction of the more prosperous classes at the thought of workers' homes being shattered in other countries. And while the British public feels the need of clearer war aims, in America the demand for a positive ideal is incomparably intensified. Americans feel themselves young, lusty, vigorous. Pioneering is the whole tradition of the country, and they must be pioneers or nothing. The President finds it hard to convince them that they can be in any real danger, and the idea of a purely defensive "shooting war" makes little appeal. Increasingly they are in the mood to fight, but they must be able to see themselves as marching through Georgia to some New Jerusalem.

In neither country, it must be admitted, did the Atlantic Charter go with a swing. Disappointment was openly expressed. A general comment was that it was too reminiscent of Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points. People who had been told that this time we must not say that this is a war to end war because somebody said that the last time, and didn't bring it off, asked why a new version of the Fourteen Points should be any more convincing. Would it not be better, it was suggested, to say outright that the last war was part of this war, the first round in a war to end war, that nothing less will be a final victory, and that we are going on till we get it? Hitler offers world peace, the end of all war in a single world economy ruled by the German Reich. That is, from our point of view, the peace of death, but it is an intelligible aim. Nothing less than an ideal for a world peace which shall

be the peace of life, and rest on consent, is fit to stand against it.

There seemed to me great significance in the stir caused all over America some months ago by an article called *The American Century* by Luce, the Editor of *Life*. The twentieth century must, said he, be the American century. America had traditionally looked to Europe for ideas and ideals, but now Europe was utterly failing to provide an ideal, and Americans must have one. Without it they could not live through this terrible age. So America must step to the front, find out what she herself believed, and lead the world to a new order in which no people would be left uncared for, to starve while others had plenty, or to be scourged by war or disease.

As to what precisely America believed in, and what is to be the form of the world order, he did not attempt to particularize. That, he said, was for immediate study, and he mentioned Clarence Streit's Federal Union ideas as deserving attention.

Streit's movement has attracted great names in America, and has caught on much more vigorously than in Britain, where it has been deflected into such side-lines as a plan for purely Western European Federation. In America the idea is fluid and evolutionary. Streit was touring and holding meetings nightly when I was on my journey to England. He flew in from a Washington meeting, breakfasted with me in New York, and set off northward again.

His new book *Union Now with Britain* was on the eve of publication, and I carried a copy to London for Jonathan Cape, who has since published it in England.

A draft constitution—of which I possess a still confidential copy.—for a Federal Union of the United States and the countries of the British Commonwealth has actually been made by a foremost American Constitutional lawyer.

THE MENACE ACROSS THE PACIFIC

(Published on November 13, 1941.)

THE American public thirsts for a glowing poetic ideal for which to enter "a shooting war." On a purely nationalist and defensive basis Japan unites them far more solidly than Hitler. There is in America every kind of European strain, including a strong German strain, and there is also a great core of incredulity preventing the acceptance of the idea that old Europe can ever be a real military menace to the New World. Europe, in the American view, belongs to the past, and the present and the future belong to America, which descends from Europe.

Japan is another story. There is no Japanese strain incorporated in the American nation, and there is an instinctive feeling that Japanese expansion across the Pacific is a menace to America. For the whole American movement from Columbus to Charlie Chaplin has ever been Westwards, away from Europe. From Japan alone she meets a counter movement, setting towards her own Pacific slopes. The Chinese who become American citizens are not accused of lack of American feeling. Their children go to the public schools and grow up good Americans. Japanese remain aliens even when for their own purposes they acquire citizenship. In San Francisco it is easy to see the difference between the standing of the two races. The Chinese are well liked to-day, and there is immense enthusiasm for China in her struggle against Japan.

In Hawaii and the Philippines the large Japanese communities are, as the danger of war increases, a great cause of anxiety. At Davao in Mindanao, in the Philippines, they are the owners of an enormous oil-bearing area, and are asserting their proprietorial rights.

Americans are naturally supremely confident of their ability to cope with any Japanese "menace." But they

have an instinctive feeling that the menace is real and has got to be removed. For many years there has been the belief that some day somehow there would have to be a show-down with Japan. The number of those who say "Let us get it over" steadily increases. The appeasement school, where Japan is concerned, diminishes. Significantly also the anti-Japanese feeling is strongest in the West and the Middle West which are more disposed than the Eastern and Southern States to be isolationist in regard to Europe.

Thus Japan rallies all America against her more easily than Germany, and she is a more facile avenue to war. When she initiated the recent diplomatic discussions, which still continue as I write, not only the Chinese but the American public also was gravely disturbed. The Administration had to make it clear at once that there was no possibility of America ever "letting China down."

I have heard numerous discussions as to whether it would be a good thing for America to enter the war. Some hold that the present state of things is much better for Britain. If, as the Prime Minister says, we do not need American troops but only the tools to finish the job, is it not better that America should stay out? If she came in, would she not divert to her own use for her own intensive rearmament and military expansion much of what she now plans to give us?

Possibly, but on the other hand America is not to-day in gear for war production, and never will be till she is herself a belligerent. There is much sympathy with Britain and much war talk, but the country is "rolling" in prosperity, and few people are prepared for a real switch-over to war production. Only now is the pinch of the war "priorities" schedule beginning to be felt, and when felt it comes as an unwelcome surprise. The idea for instance that Americans should not go on turning out as many motor-cars as they like for their own inexhaustible internal market is outside their ordinary consciousness. The captains of the industry, with characteristic resourcefulness, are arranging to carry on without the materials which are being diverted from them for war

orders. Next year's cars will be largely built of plastic, and will be of novel designs. Plastic is the coming thing in America, and I hope that someone in authority in India is following what is being done and arranging for this country to benefit by the industrial revolution it is about to cause. If you say plastic to an Englishman he says "Bakelite." But plastic has got far beyond the earlier Bakelite. You can make motor bodies from soya beans which are far more resistant to fire or concussion than the motor-bodies of to-day. All sorts of things can be used to make plastic and all sorts of things can be made from plastic : from "silk" stockings, and the bristles as well as the glass backs of hair-brushes to furniture, houses, and vehicles. One of the things that can be done with plastic is so to impregnate a hard material with oil that a bearing has a power of self-lubrication which reduces the danger of over-heating.

If there are continual complaints from high quarters in Britain that the country is not yet "all out", in America the gap between actual and potential is far more obvious. And whereas in Britain there is no serious "labour trouble" at all, in America there are continual strikes and little sign of these ceasing. Not until the country becomes a belligerent will it switch over to a war footing, and that should then far more than compensate for any tendency to retain supplies which had previously been earmarked for Britain or Russia.

But that is no reason for anyone trying to hustle America into the war. The war will take its own course and needs no propaganda to make it spread. No more than Britain or Russia or Italy could escape by calculation, can America or Japan. The world is caught in its own toils, and must go through, and come out on the other side.

in private ownership was being taken over by the Government at a fair price. Whether these were to be sent to the Azores I was not there long enough to discover.

At Cintra the German and British planes land alongside one another, and of course there are many German agents in Lisbon. The Avenida Palace Hotel in Lisbon is much patronised by Germans, and you can also see them at the gambling tables in the Casino at Estoril, and in the hotels there. Lisbon and Estoril are full of refugees of all nations, the queerest mixture. There are Britons from France who do not always seem in a hurry to return to England, and are waiting and waiting for passages to America or South Africa. People still keep arriving from Vichy France, usually members of the once large English community on the Riviera. There are refugees who describe themselves as Balts, Croats, Danes, Dutch, Belgians, etc. Some of them seem to find no financial inconvenience in their prolonged stay in the best hotels in Estoril, and have money to lose at the long green tables in the Casino.

There are no black-outs in Portugal, and night life is vigorous. The Wonder Bar in the Estoril Casino does not open till midnight, and till a few weeks ago insisted on both men and women being in evening dress. Miss Betty Chester of Co-Optimist fame, who is the wife of a British Naval officer on a mission in Lisbon, gets the credit of having laughed them out of that. She appeared in the latest fashioned Parisian style evening frock, which happens to have a long skirt, a high neck, and sleeves. Thus fully clothed she was refused admittance, on the ground that she was not in evening dress. No word of protest did she utter, but quietly retired, removed her costume, and returned in petticoat and the little more that ladies wear above their petticoat. "Ah!" said the mollified janitor, "Madame has returned in evening dress." Miss Chester was admitted, but when the story got round the laugh was on the Wonder Bar.

LISBON AS LISTENING POST

(Published on November 15, 1941.)

THE neutrality of Portugal suits everybody, which is why it is still respected. The British are in no position at present to defend Portugal from a German attack on land, delivered through Spain. A German occupation which would give to U-boats new bases on the Atlantic and near the entrance to the Mediterranean would be unwelcome.

For the Nazis Portugal is an important observation post. In the occupied countries Britain and her combatant allies are not represented, but in Portugal they are. More important still, Portugal is the door to both North and South America. Germans in America keep touch with the Nazis through Lisbon. In South America the Germans are trying to maintain their airlines, which however the United States seem soon likely to put out of action altogether with their Pan-American and allied services. To South America the Nazis attach great importance. It is in their view a more promising field than the English-speaking North, and the plan is first to dominate it, and then to use it as a base for domination of the North American Continent. To some extent it suits them that there has been a great sentimental revival of friendship between Portugal and Brazil. In the stress of war the Portuguese and the Brazilians have remembered that they are the same people. There is a great "Hands across the Sea" movement. In September Brazil had sent a special mission. There were banquets and ceremonies continuously, and the papers devoted columns to the accompanying speeches on the Portuguese-Brazilian *entente*

British news in South America was for a long time a thin trickle, but *via* Lisbon it has now attained much greater volume. Mr. G. F. Crawley, former News Editor of the *Statesman*, is now Reuter's Correspondent in Lisbon, and from there is covering South America well. His dramatic critic brother, well-known to readers of the

Statesman for many years through his London letters headed "At The Play," speaks fluent Portuguese and is therefore a useful aid.

Portugal is scrupulously correct in her attitude towards the belligerents. Correctitude would be no bar to a German invasion, if Hitler decided that the additional sea bases were worth it. But there is no other advantage visible. Portugal's reserve of food is small, as Portugal herself is small, and such as it is would probably get eaten in ravenous Spain before it got further. Hitler's hands are very full at present, and even he must begin to feel that outraged public opinion can become a military factor. Portugal's official Fascist sympathies and authoritarian form of Government may count for something.

The Azores laze in the sun like isles of Paradise. They are scattered far in three groups. The clipper lands at Horta in the early morning after a night flight from Bermuda, or in the evening on the Westward journey from Lisbon. At Bermuda there are more signs of the war. The censorship is long and careful, the seas are well-watched. But there are still many American visitors who come for pleasure, and America is busy there establishing the base agreed upon with the British Government. Early in the war the strict British censorship on all mails passing through Bermuda was a grievance in the United States. But our solidarity has advanced to such a point that now the subject seems no longer mentioned. The need for strict censorship is indeed apparent to all. Between Europe and both North and South America Bermuda is a clearing house.

Time is on one's side as one flies Westwards. The clock moves backwards, so that one appears to reach America in 27 hours from Lisbon. You breakfast in Bermuda and lunch in New York. The great LaGuardia airport on Long Island, called after New York's distinguished Mayor, is both a sea and land base. Here the liners come and go all the time. America is the most air-minded country in the world. If you miss your aeroplane to Chicago, Toronto, or Washington you can generally get another in an hour's time. On every liner there is a

"hostess," always a pretty girl in a neatly tailored costume of a uniform colour, who cheers up the passengers and at intervals says brightly "What about another cup of cawfee?" Her name appears with those of the liner's officers as "Miss Smith, R. N." R. N. in America means "Registered Nurse." Like every one else in America she owns a motor car.

As yet there are in America no Women's Auxiliary Services with the combatant forces, corresponding to ours with the R.A.F., Navy and Army. An American girl who volunteered for such work placed officialdom in a quandary.

"What can you suggest?" they finally asked her, having explained the situation.

The volunteer thought it over, and decided.

"Can't I be the hostess in a bomber?"

EXPORTS THAT ARE IMPORTED AGAIN

(Published on November 17, 1941.)

THE protest made to Mr Churchill by British manufacturers concerning the reduction of British export trade, which they suggest is out of deference to America, raises interesting points. The British manufacturers are, I fear, wasting their time. Mr Churchill's reply was sympathetic but could offer no comfort and naturally did not accept the statement about America.

The export trade in wartime is a world conundrum. A world economy in peacetime based on the necessity of sales rather than the need for service cannot function in war.

In England to-day things that the public would pay *les yeux de la tête* for but cannot get are exported to India and the Dominions for the sake of "after the war", and to keep up our export trade. From the Dominions and India, in so far as it is possible, anxious relatives post them back to the United Kingdom, and if they were allowed to do so would send them back in volume. For the sake of this export trade tonnage that might be carrying munitions has to be set aside and to be guarded by warships travelling with it in convoy.

There is no tobacco grown in Britain. Every ounce has to be imported and for that tonnage is needed. Consequently, there is now an acute shortage of cigarettes. You may visit shop after shop in London before you get a packet of ten. But if you wish to order a thousand to be posted to anywhere abroad your London tobacconist will eagerly accept the order.

When I reached England a shortage of cigarettes was already reported in the North, but was not visible in London. By May however it was already severe in the South and every month it increased. An exception was the Brighton neighbourhood. There some enterprising man had bought up millions, and kept the shops supplied, not apparently at unreasonable rates.

Simultaneously matches became difficult, and the way the war is changing avenues of trade is revealed by the fact that when you get a box of matches in a shop in London to-day it is quite often a "Horse's Head" and has come from India.

But now about this business of deference to America. The manufacturers are treading on delicate ground. For in America the President has to combat deep and deliberately fomented suspicion that British manufacturers are trying to use the "Lease and Lend" Act to help their export trade, whereas it is of course only designed to cover purchases from America for war purposes. The story put around by the isolationists is this. America now sends Britain free of charge vast quantities of stuff for the war which Britain would otherwise have to produce herself. Britain takes advantage of this to produce, for export markets in which she competes with America, normal consumption goods which otherwise she would not be producing in wartime.

Actually when I was there a story was put round that hundreds of British officials engaged on various buying and trading missions in America drink champagne at night clubs and are to be seen living luxuriously, and all is paid for by America out of "Lease and Lend". The President himself had to brand this as a lie. It is of course absurd to say that any British salaries are paid for out of "Lease and Lend". But the story reveals what a maze of suspicion surrounds the whole business, and the points to which enemy or isolationist propaganda applies itself.

The main British export effort has naturally and properly been throughout directed to the United States. Till the "Lease and Lend" Act was passed Britain had to pay cash in dollars for everything purchased, and in order to do that a tremendous effort had to be made to pour sufficient goods into America to produce a steady supply of dollars. For the same reason all British holders of dollar securities were expected to transfer them to the British Government for realisation. Nor has this necessity for dollars disappeared with the passing of the Act. It is still urgent.

To judge by appearances, we would seem to have been paying our war bills in America before the passing of the "Lease and Lend" Act almost entirely in Scotch whisky. From Manhattan to Manila there is an endless procession of bottles of Scotch marching round the shelves of every bar. Every known reputable brand is to be seen. The bar tender is expected to provide them all, and as soon as your eye has travelled to the end of the row, from Antiquary to Walker, the procession starts again. Bars are very long in America, and the whisky runs in recurring decimals many times repeated. It is all old and good, older and much cheaper than what is left to sell in Britain now. Consequently it goes down well, and the process of peaceful penetration of the United States by the Scots goes forward rapidly.

Wherever British exports are required as an essential exchange to finance the war, whether in America, or India, or the Dominions it is vital to maintain them with the tonnage that can be found. When manufacturers go beyond that and base their plea for tonnage on the hope of maintaining their markets after the war they are evidently not putting first things first. Those who are too deeply engaged in thinking about business after victory help to postpone victory, if not to let it escape the grasp of those who are determined to remove Hitlerism from the earth. It is surely better to let events take the natural wartime course which commonsense indicates and everywhere to develop local industries to the utmost so as to obviate the use of tonnage.

JAPAN'S BLUFF AND ITS OUTCOME

(Published on December 4, 1941)

WE have reached a stage in the war when newcomers cannot be light-hearted. Mussolini was the last of those who leapt before he looked long enough. He leapt into a pit which he had previously dug for himself and it has not proved much of a dug-out. If he knew a better hole now he would take Old Bill's advice and go to it, but he doesn't know a better hole.

Japan has looked and looked, but the pit she has dug for herself yawns at her feet. The pressure is now from behind. The trouble for bluffers is that if the stakes are large enough they always have initial successes, and these lead them on to the dark desperate day when their bluff has to be called.

Non-aggressive nations were not willing to call Mussolini's bluff in 1935 when he threatened to defy "fifty nations" in the League if they forbade him to invade Abyssinia. Had they collectively shut Suez to him and told him to come on with his fleet he would have collapsed. All they did was to impose mild commercial sanctions from which with diabolical irony oil, without which he could not have fought the Abyssinians, let alone the Powers, was carefully and expressly excluded. The prospect of the oil market in an Italy engaged in war was considered to be so good that it was not considered fair to ask the oil interests to forego the profit.

So Mussolini ravished and ravaged Abyssinia successfully, and now it has all had to be done twice over, and he has lost it. He will look a fool in history, but so will the profit motive which allowed him to play the fool in this murderous game, allowed him to be in the strictest and most literal sense of the word such a bloody fool.

Japan bluffed her way into Manchuria with no more damage than was entailed by resignation from the League of Nations. That led her on to North China, and then to

South China, and then to full-blown war with China. During this period the bluffers joined forces ; Germany, Italy, and Japan banded themselves together as the Axis. As Hitler and Mussolini swelled and went from strength to strength, Japan imitated them. Insults to British and American subjects were multiplied. The South Seas were openly claimed as her sphere of influence. When France and Holland were overrun she made a bid for the reversion of French Indo-China and the Dutch Indies, and successfully advanced into Indo-China.

But if bluff is ever to be called there comes a stage when the bluffed sicken of appeasement; they realize that concessions make things worse, and that the time has come to make a stand. From that moment the bluffer is faced, if he only knew it, with the prospect of having to fight, unless he begins then and there to climb down. More probably he credits the other side with being bluffers like himself, believes they are still wedded to appeasement and merely trying to take a leaf out of the bluffer's book, and carries on. Meantime the sternness of his opponents is making his position difficult. No longer will they let him have money and war materials for ultimate use against them, either as weapons of bluff or weapons of warfare. So the day comes when he must make his choice. By that time he has no choice left. To climb down will put his country in the position of a defeated country. He must gamble on the chances of war.

When the Allies stopped the export of oil and steel and scrap to Japan they did not make war any more certain, but they did bring it nearer in time. Japan's sea-borne trade has been dying in the last few months. There were fewer and fewer cargoes to be moved, so fewer and fewer ships sailed the seas.

Obviously the rest are in Japanese waters, being converted into warships, armed merchantmen ready to sail the seas again in the hope of recovering the vanishing trade by force.

Japan is on the losing side in ranging herself with the Axis. But that is not so obvious to her as it is to us. Hitler indeed has already lost the war, but it may take us years

before we win it. There is truth in Ribbentrop's shameless boast that the Reich has a physical stranglehold on all Europe with its tanks and dive-bombers ; it will take time to smash the knuckles of the mailed fist and force open that grip. In business matters the Germans and the Japanese alike are prudent people. However drunk they are with the grandiose folly of their own dreams, we may be sure that they have not omitted to put shots in their locker, or spare tins in their garage. Japan's reserves cannot be negligible.

War by blockade, therefore, is not likely to be lightning war. Nor are her Admirals likely to be rash with their big ships. It may prove very hard to bring the Japanese navy to action. It is difficult to see how either Japan or the Allies can hope to conduct a decisive land war quickly.

JAPAN STRIKES

(Published on December 9, 1941)

"[I]f there is war with Japan keep your eye on Guam"

I wrote in the first article in this series. Guam has been American for over forty years, since America's war with Spain in 1898. It is the largest of the Ladrones but all the other islands in this group have been mandated to Japan, and the nearest of them, Rota, is very close indeed. Guam is an American naval base, but the Japanese have an air base handy. Still further East and nearer to Wake, Midway, and Honolulu are the Marshall Islands, which are also Japanese.

If it be true that the Japanese have taken Wake then they have for the time being cut America's air communications with the Philippines and Singapore. The clipper service can no longer function except by a circuitous southerly route. Japan has struck quickly at the long line of communications.

Sir Stafford Cripps did not make the mistake of those British Communists who when Molotov made his pact with Ribbentrop spiritually followed suit and refused to help their country in the war effort. He backed his country from the start of the war, but when very soon afterwards war broke out between Russia and Finland he found himself at odds with public opinion.

Looking back on that war we can now see that Sir Stafford Cripps was wiser than many of us. He declared that the thing of supreme importance for all of us in the struggle with Hitler was a strong and powerful Russia, and that Russia was justified in taking steps to strengthen her position.

Most of us—I certainly was—were carried away by our sympathy with a little country standing up to a big one. Yet how much better it would have been had the Finns agreed to Russia's demands, which were for bases not for territory, instead of attempting the impossible task of fighting Russia all by herself.

If you look at the Gulf of Finland, which is the channel leading to Leningrad, you will see that on the map as it was that autumn the waterway to Leningrad on either side was in possession of two small states susceptible to German pressure, Finland and Estonia. It was as if Belgium and Holland were established in Kent and Essex at the estuary of the Thames. That was not a tolerable position in the hour of danger. Russia knew that a German attack would come, and by her pact with Ribbentrop she was only playing for time.

Estonia yielded to Russia's demands. Finland, obviously greatly to Russia's surprise, refused and went to war, after which Russia's terms went up. But even when she had defeated Finland, she left her independent, so independent in fact that Finland later allied herself with Germany.

Under the Irish treaty with Michael Collins we retained a naval and military base in Cork harbour. In a vain attempt to appease Mr. de Valera, Mr Chamberlain threw it away shortly before the war broke out. We pay for that folly in sinkings to-day.

It is at least a good thing that we have had the sense to let the United States organize bases on British territory that will be helpful to us all. The prestige wallahs are still grumbling in their beards about that, bless them !

Now we are at war with Finland. That is painful but inevitable. Allies in war cannot afford separate enemies or friends. Russia is to-day a friend in need and in deed. With Hungary and Rumania friendly feelings had already been chilled. Finland was different, but it can't be helped.

Sir Stafford Cripps increases in stature as a statesman. He had a hard time of it in Moscow for a whole year, during which the Russo-German pact was in force and for reasons of policy the Kremlin was cool towards him. Then Hitler leapt at Russia, and the British Ambassador came into favour.

of protection. Moreover it makes enemies for an un-aggressive protecting Power which it would not otherwise have. A strong aggressive Power is tempted to challenge it in order to bring the smaller country into its own orbit, less for protection than for exploitation.

Big and little countries alike need protection when aggressors are abroad. And the only way to develop maximum strength is by some union in which all will have equal political freedom, and all vest some portion of their sovereign independence in some central federal organ.

Buddhism as a religion is more definitely pacifist than Christianity. There are followers of both of course who say that collectively as nations we should not resist an enemy or take to arms, that it is as wrong to protect the weak or the oppressed by force as it is to fight in mere self-defence. But in practice these people have been in a much more hopeless minority in Christian countries than in Buddhist countries. In Thibet and Thailand the State indeed accepts the obligation to defend the country by force of arms, but the mild and pacific influence of Buddhism and the stress it lays on *Nirvana*, or release from existence, detract from interest in military affairs and prevent the allocation of large proportions of the revenue for the necessities of defence.

Yet we see that her genuine gentleness, her good neighbourliness, her sincere desire to live at peace with all men has not availed to save Siam. And because she had no army to speak of and had refused to make allies she lasted only five hours. From now on till Japan is defeated by the greater Powers she is at war with Siam will no more exist as a nation than Korea any longer exists as a nation.

Soul force is more important than brute force but soul force needs to be shown in defence not in surrender. Pacifists please note.

COLD HELL IN RUSSIA

(Published on December 7, 1941)

WRITING some "New Year Notes" in the last week of 1940 I said : "For Hitler the summer of 1941 is absolutely critical. He must put forth every last ounce of strength in the hope of achieving victory. The thought of war in 1942 must be to Hitler a nightmare. I do not myself believe that Hitler has any choice. I think that he must drive towards Asiatic oilfields."

Well, here we are in the last month of 1941. Hitler went after the oil, and winter has come. There is no possibility of finishing the war this year. Hitler's nightmare is upon him. Already it is a question of what to do for the big summer campaign of 1942. Will he have a choice, and if so what ? Or will the initiative by that time be with us ?

Winter has come, and in Russia it is terrible. I spent the winter before the last war in Leningrad. Petersburg we called it in those days, and the last of the Tsars was still on the throne. I had a flat at No. 7 Moika, (Moika is the street by the Moika canal where it runs from the Nevsky Prospect to the Neva ; it was under the ice in the Moika canal that they plunged Rasputin's body three years later) which was central heated by the usual Russian *pechka*, stove. All the windows were double, with an interval packed at the bottom with a kind of moss between the two sets of panes. These double windows were hermetically sealed for the whole winter. There was a small blowhole pane about six inches square which was opened for fifteen minutes every morning to air a room. Through it came the most piercing cold.

"Mad dogs" of Englishmen with *la manie des courants d'air*, which the French ascribe to us, on their first arrival sometimes pooh-poohed all that, and opened the windows with a lordly gesture. Next day they always went to hospital with double pneumonia.

Once or twice also I have been in Moscow in mid-winter, on my way to Iran. No one appeared to go to bed before daylight. Covered with furs in a tingling cold one drove further and further out over the snow with sleigh bells jingling on trotting horses, from one cafe concert to another till one finished up at Yars ; after that, the return in an all-white dawn.

But oh! the cold of Russia! Hitler's quartermasters may be the most marvellous organizers on earth, but they will never keep his army warm. Had they all the coal in Newcastle and all the woods in Maine they could not do it. You can't get heat without power or fuel, and there cannot be power or fuel available in any adequate degree. Hitler's armies are in for hell ; cold hell, I mean.

Hitler proved unable to return to his invasion of Britain project in 1941. He had to go after the oil, and first tried to do it by a series of hops. Greece, Crete, Rhodes, Syria, Palestine, and Iraq was the itinerary. But the hop from Crete to Rhodes and Rhodes to Syria was only possible with help from inside Syria. He was checked in Syria and in Iraq. A midsummer madness necessarily supervened and in late June he cracked down on Russia.

Nearly six months have gone. Leningrad holds, Moscow holds, Sevastopol holds. Winter rages. From Rostov his forces are in full retreat.

Behold what a great thing Russia has wrought for us!

It is too soon to say that Sevastopol is safe for the winter. But the enforced big swing-back of the army that bypassed the Crimea is bound to detract from the vigour of the siege, and the winter at Sevastopol is severe. In the Crimean war the French and English began its siege at the end of September. It lasted a year and was not a success for British arms. The Russians finally withdrew from the town in the early autumn of 1855, when the French had captured the Malakov.

If a line from Leningrad to the Crimea holds firm for the winter, German losses from pneumonia, frostbite, and other ills will be enormous. Hitler may well seek to create

rather further back some kind of Hindenburg line to secure him from a possible Russian offensive next year and remove from the unhappy eyes of Germany the prospect of another winter in 1942-43 comparable for tragedy with that upon which they are now entered.

But he still has no choice. He must go after the oil. So once more he will have to look South-East, towards Turkey. If Russia is too strong for him, he must dig in against Russia, and work round to a weaker flank. There is only one flank, and it must on form up to date look to him weaker than what he now knows a Russian front to be.

Turkey backed by Britain would in that case be the next objective. This is not the season for an offensive. Soon winter will slow up all the fighting except in North Africa. And time is required to prepare a campaign. But a thrust at Istanbul and on to the south shore of the Black Sea, and up to the Anatolian highlands seems then a probability

Samsun and Trebizond are the Black Sea ports that would then come into the picture. They are not good ports, but they could be made to serve. Samsun is opposite the Crimea, and if Hitler keeps his footing in the Crimea through the winter he would have a short cut to Samsun by air, and ships might pass in the night.

Samsun is a starting point for Sivas and Dayarbekir. Trebizond is a port for North Persia and Central Asia. Caravan trade routes lead from it to Erzerum and Tabriz.

If Caucasian oil proves unassailable, Palestine, and Iraq, and Iran must be Hitler's next objectives

INDIA'S PRESENT AND FUTURE

ANXIOUS INTEREST IN BRITAIN

(Published on November 18, 1941)

TO me an unexpected thing was the unusual interest I found both in Britain and America in India.

It seemed to me that in wartime, with Britain threatened with invasion and subjected to bombing, people were not likely to be thinking much about India, or to be anxious to get in touch with arrivals from India. In other years when I have gone Home I have seen few signs of wide interest in this country, and this year I rather expected to find less.

I was quite wrong. Never had I found such anxiety for news from India, such deep desire to understand what was happening, such bewilderment and such heart-searching. All the people who have served in India or worked there or still have relatives there were feeling a similar sense of isolation to that felt by the British in India. Societies like the East India Association are having a great revival. "Old Koi Hais" crowd them. You may see a dozen ex-Governors and almost a mob of *burra sahibs* at a meeting. The Institute of International Affairs has frequent well-attended meetings to discuss Indian subjects. Before I reached England they intercepted me with an invitation in New York, and I spoke both at Chatham House and at the Institute's new important centre in Oxford where Mr. Lionel Curtis, Mr. Arnold Toynbee, Sir Alfred Zimmern, Sir William Beveridge, and others are doing important work.

Then there are very active societies like the Indian Conciliation Group, which derives its inspiration chiefly from the Society of Friends. Mr. Carl Heath and Miss Agatha Harrison in the van.

Specially interesting are the Argonauts. They are the India Section of the Youth Movement. The Youth Movement has attracted the real undergraduate leaders of Oxford and Cambridge in recent years. It has a huge

membership, is backed by seventy M.Ps., and the Archbishop of York is on the Council. The Argonauts have a joint Committee of young Indians and English people which has prepared a plan which it believes will "enable India to take a place of honour in the Council of Free Nations." The Committee's statement issued from Oxford was signed by I. J. Bahadur Singh (President, Oxford Union), James Comyn (ex-President, Oxford Union), Kenneth Riddle (President-elect, Oxford Union), K. Stevenson (President, Oxford Majlis), Akbar Hydari (the Queen's College, Oxford, grandson of India's Minister of Information), M. Kinchin Smith (ex-President, O.U. Conservative Association), Kenneth G. I. Jones (ex-President, O. U. Liberal Club), E. R. Appleton (President, the Argonauts).

After outlining principles for a New Order, the signatories put forward tentative suggestions, rather than dogmatic demands, for their application to India. These include.—

That India be granted at once full Dominion Status.

That the Provincial Congress Ministries should reconsider their attitude and further the prosecution of the war against Nazism.

That, in order to ascertain Moslem opinion in India with regard to India and foreign affairs, there should be a referendum by which all Moslem voters could decide whether the Moslem League is to speak for them as a body.

That the Princes of India should retain the ruling powers in their States but should become constitutional rulers, *i. e.*, occupy the same position with regard to their subjects as does H. M. the King of England.

That throughout India there should be compulsory and free education of a type consistent with all that is best in Indian culture, and that further use should be made of traditional village Governments (*panchayats*).

That the schools and universities of Britain should give a prominent place to the study of Indian civilization, art and literature, thus helping to cure the disease of

dualism inherent in British educational methods and to bring about that reform of the educational system which the British Press claims to be long overdue.

That since a new world based on principles of justice cannot be inaugurated by unprincipled action, some agreement should be sought between Indian and British authorities in an honourable settlement of business affairs, Government pensions, and other commitments made by the present Government.

That there should be equality of opportunity for all classes, including the Depressed Classes, Anglo-Indians, and Europeans.

Since the Democracies are seeking ways of making Democracy itself more dynamic, India, in reframing her constitution, has an opportunity to give a lead to the whole world. As a service to humanity, full use should be made of this opportunity by seeking a new form of non-partisan democratic government which can function swiftly in social affairs and yet give scope to individual creativeness by recognizing the dignity of the individual.

"Since we believe that the winning of the war against Nazism is essential to the freedom of mankind, we suggest that it would be advisable to prepare rather than initiate drastic reforms whilst the war is in progress. Some temporary form of government, similar to that operating in Britain—where the people have temporarily and willingly laid aside their freedom—would be advantageous.

"We feel that India should be able to put her whole heart and strength into the war effort. Every lover of freedom is grateful for the magnificent war service already being given by many Indians. And to those followers of Sri Krishna who so far have doubted the rightness of fighting we would repeat his famous words spoken to Arjuna: "Your duty coming to you as impressions from your past lives will impel you to fight."

"We cannot overstate our hope that the problem may be solved in a magnanimous way as between friends engaged in a common cause. It must be realized that it is only recently that the people of Britain have won that

measure of freedom which our proposals would give to the people of India. And now that the British Commonwealth of Nations is waging a life or death struggle, with the aid of the United States of America, for the very existence of freedom, we believe that there is no one in these countries who would wish to delay the coming of freedom to India.

"Political adjustments and economic alliances may bring our nations together outwardly, but the friendly new world which must replace the old cannot be built by such patch-work. For a strong and stable unity we need to strengthen the invisible bonds of our social ideals. We want to be friends indeed. As Walt Whitman puts it:

"I dream'd in a dream I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth.

I dreamed that was the new city of Friends.

Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love, it led the rest.

It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city, and in all their looks and words."

"Indians who meet together in England know no communal friction between themselves; they meet English people on terms of mutual friendship and esteem. It appears therefore that much of the present difficulty is due to the inability of Indians and English people to meet more frequently and in greater numbers. Our aim is to initiate various ways of removing this difficulty: one of these is to form groups in many places for the continuous development of our cultural relationship; another is to arrange the exchange of numbers of students and teachers. But little can be done until the political sources of friction between our two countries are removed.

"We are appealing to as many people as we can, under the present difficult conditions, to add their support to our proposals. We invite all people of goodwill to sign the pledge that follows our names."

The following is the pledge of support:

"I accept in general the plan which you have outlined for the solving of the Indian deadlock. I believe that the building of the new world needs the co-operation of a free India within the Commonwealth of Nations. I therefore pledge myself to do anything I can to hasten a settlement of a just kind which will enable Britain and India to work together for the common good."

The Argonauts want a Collaboration Committee in India.

AMERICANS AND INDIA

(Published on November 19, 1941)

UP till the end of July there was in England, whenever India was discussed, a sense of bewilderment and frustration. Everybody was looking for a positive constructive suggestion. Few had one to offer. From America came a steady report that despite the war there was some public opinion about India, and that the isolationists and pro-Nazis were making capital out of it. Distinguished British lecturers who visited the United States in the first year of the war had already reported this. But in that period Americans had shown themselves strongly averse to anything that even remotely savoured of British propaganda, and, sensing this, the lecturers had withdrawn. America in 1941 is much more friendly than it was in 1940. It was the lone British stand after Dunkirk that conquered hearts. Many had thought Britain was down and out. It did not occur to them that she would continue to fight alone. When they found that it had not occurred to the British to do anything else they warmed up. The little fellow standing up to the big bully, and "dotting him one" over and over again, took the fancy even of those who had been brought up to regard England as their ancient enemy.

But still it appeared that Americans were interested in India's future, and wanted some idea of how British "rule" is to be liquidated and India to figure freely in "a world made safe for democracy."

Americans as a whole no more than the British public, indeed inevitably much less than the British public, have detailed knowledge about India and the root complexities of the present situation. But they have a rough comparison in their heads between Britain's situation *vis-a-vis* India and their own situation *vis-a-vis* the Philippines, and they think Britain might take a lesson.

Actually it is not a very exact comparison, but it is instructive.

A root difference is that there has always been a party in the United States that wanted to get rid of the Philippines for their own economic reasons. When the U. S. acquired the Philippines by conquest from Spain, the islands were treated commercially as a member of the Union, that is to say there was free trade between the Philippines and America. This did not suit American sugar growers in particular, as well as some other producers, and the sugar business has always wanted "independence" for the Filipinos in order to get rid of them and shut their sugar out with a tariff.

After going through several phases the issue was settled by an instrument resting on legislation adopted by both the United States and the Philippine legislature in 1934. It provides "the Commonwealth of the Philippines" with a constitution drafted by a Filipino Constitutional Convention and also with an Ordinance governing the relations between the U. S. and the Commonwealth for a period of ten years. The Ordinance is due to lapse on July 4 (American Independence Day) 1946. The Commonwealth will then automatically attain full sovereignty and become "The Republic of the Philippines."

A national Filipino plebiscite of men and women ratified this Instrument with an overwhelming vote in 1935, and it came into force on November 15 of that year.

Last Saturday night, November 15, I listened into Manila celebrating the sixth anniversary of that great occasion. I heard President Quezon's voice saying that the Filipinos have cast in their lot irrevocably with America, and that they are determined to mobilise every man and use all their resources to hold the far-flung frontier of "American liberty" and to defend the untarnished honour of the United States. The cheers were deafening. The band played "God Bless America", and I heard a great multitude singing.

Now, mark you, President Quezon has got where he is by being an uncompromising champion of complete and absolute independence. The mouthful that he has said in his time about America would bear comparison

QUEST FOR A WAY OUT

(Published on November 20, 1941)

TO revert from America's interest in India to Britain's, this was up to the end of July a baffled interest.

Great pride was felt in the magnificent performances in the field of the Indian Army, the recorded stories of gallantry of individual officers and men, of deeds such as those that have won already two Victoria Crosses. Then there was the splendid fact that public opinion had been far ahead of the Government as to the rate of expansion and equipment of the Forces that was possible and had procured recruitment on a much bigger scale than was proposed as late as June 1940.

India seemed to be anti-Nazi all right. Yet the politicians wouldn't play. The great provincial experiment in self-government had come to an abrupt end in all the Provinces where the Congress had a majority. Mr. Gandhi had started a Non-Co-operation movement which though on a small scale seemed intended to help Hitler. The Moslem League had refused to allow its members to join the War Committees and its critical attitude towards the British Government, and also its quarrel with Congress in so far as Congress represents the Hindu community, seemed to grow sharper every month. So unfortunately did Hindu-Moslem tension.

The British Government could offer no solution. It could only repeat the terms of the Viceroy's Declaration of August 1940.

It is now public knowledge that the Viceroy was patiently seeking some means of making a new advance. Meanwhile Mr. Amery was simply "stone-walling" the bowling in the House of Commons. There were several debates and periodic questions. I went to the debates and it was plain to me that there was widespread dissatisfaction because the Government seemed to take the attitude that while the situation was deplorable, there was

nothing to be done but to deplore it. What, M. Ps. asked themselves, was the point of the British Parliament's responsibility for India if the British Government had nothing to suggest that would unite Indian feeling with us in the crisis of the whole world's fate.

Mr. Amery was very bitterly attacked in India every time he spoke. Here I would like to say a word to my colleagues of the Press in this country. (We by the way have learnt how to agree to differ and how to unite in a firm organization for our common protection, and this may encourage the politicians to believe at least that the thing can be done.) I would like to say to my colleagues, for what my opinion is worth, that they misjudge Mr. Amery. I have known him for many years and I saw him repeatedly this year. He has no political ambition except the honest ambition to do the right thing. When it comes to judging what is the right thing to do in India, his mind is cast in a mould which is the opposite of die-hard. He genuinely believes in the virtue and necessity of self-government in India. His political history is entwined with the development of Dominion Self-Government. It was indeed he who created the Dominions Office, and severed the Dominions from the Colonial Office, whose paternal authority is exercised over East and West Africa and islands scattered round the world,—and sometimes has to protect the African native from the Dominions !

It was this that on one occasion last summer prompted me to say to him : "Why don't you get yourself appointed Secretary of State for the Dominions again, and take India with you ?"

Mr. Amery is entirely sincere when he urges Indians to meet and formulate their ideas for a Constitution. That is why he picked Mr. Hodson, who is a wholly disinterested expert from outside, to be Reforms Commissioner and be at their service if they will make use of him. Mr. Hodson has not come to "sell" some particular brand of Constitution to Indians. His object, as I understand it, is to discover what they want and how their different ideas can be fitted together into some workable whole. Certainly it is not in Mr. Amery's mind that Indians should first produce a draft and that big British interests should

then have very much a last word, incorporating into the final Constitution such bits of the Indian draft as are left over and would look well for window-dressing. I would stake any reputation I may have that he really contemplates a procedure analogous to that followed already in the case of the Dominions, and by America in the case of the Philippines. That is to say, India should produce her own draft and then by some constitutional device, either through the Legislatures or a plebiscite, ratify it ; after which the assent of Parliament will be assured.

As regards his phraseology which has been so much criticised, that is a difficulty which is inherent in the situation. It is absolutely impossible for a Secretary of State six thousand miles away to gauge the reaction in this country to the language he may use. The atmosphere of Whitehall and Westminster is not that of India and never can be. But if Indians could read through Mr. Amery's speeches as they are recorded at length they would find in them a simple unassuming attitude of willingness to serve them, a complete absence of superiority complex or *de haut en bas* tone which no other Secretary of State in my time has so genuinely possessed as part of his own make-up.

Admittedly so far the results have been completely disappointing to Indian aspirations, which I share.

KEY TO THE DEADLOCK

(Published on November 21, 1941)

TOWARDS the end of July came the announcement that the Viceroy had succeeded in constructing a new Council which would have a large majority of non-official Indian members, all of whom had been prominent in the Legislatures, except Sir Akbar Hydari who was otherwise known as a personality in the public life of India; three of them, Mr. E. Raghavendra Rao, Mr. Aney and Mr. Nalni Sarker had at one time been reckoned amongst Congress leaders.

This was welcomed in England as a great advance. It broke up a stalemate. It ended, in the sense advocated by the non-party Conference at Bombay, the long period following the declaration of August 1940 when Parliament had been continuously told that nothing could be done because of Hindu-Moslem friction and because in nothing were the Moslem League and the Congress united except in a refusal to serve on the Viceroy's Council.

On top of what outwardly appeared a long series of negatives this came as a welcome surprise to majority opinion in the House of Commons. It showed that the Viceroy had been patiently at work, biding his time till an advance became possible. Moreover the significance of it leapt to the eye. For some reason, probably as a concession to those who resist any advance and wanted to stand pat on August 1940 so long as Congress and League stood out, a semi-official attempt was made to argue that it represented no constitutional change. This attempt to do good by stealth—eagerly endorsed of course by the Congress extremists in their desire to belittle the change—deceived no one in England. Lord Catto in a notable speech in the House of Lords, in which he expressed his pleasure at what he considered an overdue advance, pointed out the deep significance of the change. For the first time the Viceroy had a majority of non-official Indian Councillors in his Cabinet. That was at last a recognition that changes were urgently required in these critical

times, and it opened the door to further changes, which he hoped would be possible soon, embodying the restoration of responsible government in the provinces. But Lord Catto was careful to say that the principle of minority representation which was recognised in the new Council is of paramount importance for India—and this has a distinct bearing on the successful formation of future Provincial Governments.

Though I fully sympathize with Mr. Amery's desire to get Indians to sit down together and work out their ideas for a Constitution, I do not regard theoretical Constitution-making in wartime as a practical proposition. To me it seems more important, in Lord Catto's phrase, to get on with the job, namely to get Indians to work whole-heartedly together in the common cause of saving their own country. By showing that they can do that, they will have produced a situation which will later make possible the drafting of a Constitution that all parties can work. The essence of the matter seems to me to get the fountain of power, the seat of responsibility, transferred from London to Indian soil. Quite apart from the ultimate internal form of the Constitution,—which I am as convinced as Mr. Gandhi, Mr. Jinnah, and Sir Alfred Knox, or any other British diehard M.P., can never be a mere imitation of a British Parliamentary democracy but will have to be an Indian product of India's needs—on the day when the Secretary of State's control over the Viceroy and his Cabinet ends, and they become legally responsible directly to the Crown and morally to the people of India, this country will actually have achieved Dominion Status. With the urgencies of the war situation, the expansion of the Council seems to me inevitably bringing that day nearer, and for that I welcomed it.

I regret that in expressing my views in England early in the summer I appear to have caused some embarrassment to non-official European leaders in Calcutta, who did not wish to go beyond the declaration of August 1940. I owe it to them to absolve them from any connexion with such views as I may put forward.

At the same time I do not think that what I may call the official, non-official Europeans and Indian nationalists (nearly all Indians are nationalists) are irrevocably opposed. If I may say so, I don't think they have yet made sufficient imaginative effort to understand each other's points of view.

Once when I was an M.L.A. I made a speech urging that non-violent non-co-operation would never wrest *swaraj* from Britain. It was violent thought masquerading as non-violence, failing to produce the physical effect of successful violence and instead producing the moral effect of unsuccessful violence, namely to intensify antagonisms. Co-operation was the way to get on with Britain (the alternative being to employ successful physical force), and it was the comradeship of Indian troops and the response of the general public in the last war which had produced the Montagu Reforms, in spite of Congress opposition.

This provoked Pandit Motilal Nehru into what was considered the most eloquent speech he ever made. He deeply moved the House in his rejection of the idea of co-operation, or of trusting Britain ever to give India real self-government.

But the point of his argument was that it was unreasonable to expect her to do so, and quite contrary to human nature. He bluntly put himself in the Englishman's shoes, and in effect said that if India were independent and had an overseas Empire she would not dream of giving it independence.

And when the question of the financial settlement between India and Burma in view of the pending separation of the two countries came up, some of my Congress M.L.A. friends said to me roundly that India under Lord Dufferin had conquered Burma, and should now dictate the settlement.

So I would say to my Indian friends that instead of denouncing European business men as unreasonable for

their lack of zest for rapid advance they might regard them as a case for missionary effort at conversion.

For there is the unalterable fact that the British, however much they may baulk at the actual point of transferring power, can only think in terms of people having a right to self-government when they have learnt its practice. They have abdicated control not only in favour of their own kin but in favour of alien races that had been hostile. The French have found freedom in the Dominion of Canada. The Boers, after being defeated in the field, were given a greater heritage than they could ever have had under Kruger. Britain had her reward for that in the last war, and is having it again in this war.

INDIA NOT ALL OUT

(Published on November 22, 1941)

INDIA is in danger. Whatever Indians may think of Britain or the British, India's sole chance of attaining full political equality with other countries lies in an Indo-British victory. The alternative is slavery for German and Japanese masters, who have no use for other people's freedom.

Yet India is not pulling her weight in this war. Therefore, without prejudice to where the fault lies or who began what, we must conclude that there is something wrong in Indo-British relations.

I know that we are told that India is pulling her weight in the war, but this idea seems to me based on a failure to appreciate either the sacrifices and effort that a country of 400 million people which is directly threatened may have to make, or the potentialities that she possesses for recruitment and production. If we compare India to-day with Russia's or China's sacrifices we must feel collectively deeply ashamed.

As regards production output, in no other country is it satisfactory. It is admittedly still largely an administrative chaos in America. In Britain nobody pretends that it is satisfactory. Cabinet Ministers have told me that they are gravely disturbed at the lag in production. The Press, at the Government's request, dwells day in and day out on the inadequacy of the present factory output. When therefore we are told that India is all out, I find this hard to believe. Anybody who takes the trouble to find out what is going on must agree that production has been stepped up enormously, that the ordnance factories, Messrs. Tatas, the Railway workshops and other agencies are doing magnificently. The point is that we could do with several Tatas, dozens of such workshops, more effort at shipbuilding, aeroplane building, tank producing. We are behindhand in the race to get hold of machine tools and experts: in our share of "Lease and Lend." We

have entered the American field late in the day and have still only a small representation trying to make its voice heard.

I do not see the Indian public as yet pouring out vast sums for funds in aid of the Indian Air Force, the Indian Army's needs, the Royal Indian Navy. There is little encouragement for such funds. It is suggested that there is no means of spending the money, and that the only practical thing to do is to send money to Britain to help the war effort there. That is worth doing, but those who say that the war effort is in no way hampered by the political *malaise* do not realize what sums a really willing India could pour out to help her own war effort if she were "all out".

Happily there seems a desire amongst the political parties to find some way of composing differences, some regret for failure up to date, some groping for a means to try again.

Increasing danger will teach us all further lessons, but I think that we have yet to learn to be a lot franker with each other, as well as friendlier.

There must be a means of getting over the Hindu-Moslem and Congress—League difficulty in face of our common danger.

I would ask the Hindus of the provinces in which they are a minority, in fact the Hindus of Northern India, with the Punjab and Bengal as pivotal centres, what good end for their community they see to the present course of events. They are a minority and so long as a political fight is kept up on a basis of Moslem League versus Congress or Mahasabha the greater will the tension become, and the worse must be the ultimate position of the minority.

Quite plainly India must give up, as Europe has to give up, the outworn idea of simple majority rule. It didn't work in Czechoslovakia, or Poland ; it did not work in the United Kingdom treated as one whole without reference to the Irish minority. And the fear of simple majority rule to this day keeps Ulster out of Eire.

We must get the Coalition habit and provide security for the Moslem minority in the actual government of some provinces, and for the Hindus in others. When it comes to framing a Constitution we may be able to do this without basing it on religious community ; we may succeed in sidetracking religious differences and invoking instead common economic interests, through functional representation, as the Soviet has done through guilds and unions of different kinds of workers who form the constituencies. We have a precedent for that already in India in Chambers of Commerce and other commercial or special constituencies, but unfortunately Chambers of Commerce are themselves racially separated, and we now have Moslem, Marwarī, and other Chambers. The racial commercial cleavage is a great difficulty.

But whatever happens in Constitution-making, the way to make progress in wartime is to satisfy minorities in a practical way, that is, through individuals in whom they have confidence. We need in the common cause real coalitions of former opponents.

HINDU-MOSLEM DISUNITY

(Published on November 23, 1941)

IF we are to avoid an eventual civil war in this country, ending inevitably in Pakistan, we must devise something that will keep Hindus in the picture in Northern India and give Moslems a feeling of security in what are called Congress provinces.

I have been taking some pains to discover as accurately as I can the reason for the rapid rise in Mr. Jinnah's influence of recent years. Not very long ago the Moslem League was only one of several competing, quarrelling Moslem organizations, none of which had wide membership or caused the Congress much anxiety. Mr. Jinnah had made a definite position for himself as leader of an Independent party in the Assembly, which included Hindus and Parsees and was in no way communal. His presidency of the Moslem League was of very secondary importance. Now his position is altogether different. The answer should be important for us all (not least for the Congress) if we can get it right. Here are my own conclusions based on such information as I have.

First, Mr. Jinnah has to thank his own instinct for leadership. When the Congress Governments in the Provinces resigned in the autumn of 1939 their calculation was that it would plunge the country into mourning and prove an effective political stroke.

Without a moment's hesitation Mr. Jinnah stepped straight to the front and proclaimed a day of National Thanksgiving. For swift and sound decision at a critical moment this piece of leadership may be compared in its own Indian sphere with Mr. Churchill's speech when Russia was attacked on June 22. The Congress was completely taken aback. It appeared like a boxer that has been winded.

Other parties were equally surprised, and the impression created was intensified by the response throughout Moslem India. The "Day" was observed almost in a

religious spirit. There were no riots, and deep thanksgiving was expressed in responsible accents. It soon became clear to Governors and the rest of us (myself included) who had handed out bouquets to the Congress Governments that these Governments had been piling up for themselves amongst the Moslem villagers a dissatisfaction, distrust, and resentment which we had not understood. I remain of my opinion that the Congress Governments meant well, tried hard, and did good work. The Ministers were in general not communally minded, and being animated by sincere purpose often went out of their way to demonstrate their desire to give Moslems a fair deal. But in one province they could not produce a Moslem Minister at all, and in two provinces they could only find Moslems who did not enjoy the regard of their community. In one province there was public scandal.

Far more serious however was the fact that the party machine proved much too strong for Ministers. It was all very well for them to practise integrity and exhibit impartiality at the top. The local Congressmen in the districts understood nothing but "the spoils" system. In their eyes the Congress was now "top dog." They were, they felt, entitled to the reward of having worn Gandhi caps and kept the Congress flag flying for years. They spread themselves in the sun of office and authority, and of course they were for the most part Hindus. The Moslem villagers found themselves outside the circle of influence, but were expected to salute the Congress flag, sing *Bande Mataram*, and pay their taxes with new joy.

That was how the great experiment in the purely British system of democracy, namely simple majority rule, worked out. Mr. Jinnah understood better than the rest of us that the rural Mohammedan's deep hostility to it had been roused, and that he would never willingly accept it. Whether they like it or whether they don't, the British public and Parliament and the Indian Congress had better recognize that the experiment can never be repeated. The only way to prevent civil war in this country and some ultimate Pakistan, which I at least would regard as an intolerable end to Britain's work in India, and to the dream of a greater India, a free

Federation of the whole country, which has sprung out of it, is to provide cultural satisfaction for Moslems and Hindus where they are the minority community.

If by Pakistan were meant some rearrangement of provincial and State boundaries, and even some exchange of populations, which while ensuring mutual cultural satisfaction for communities would keep them all inside a common federation of Mother India, then Pakistan would have a meaning which would entitle it to respectful consideration. The tensely accelerating impact of change in the world to-day is everywhere forcing the hands of those who refuse to revise boundaries and who resist movements of population. But if, as too often appears the case, Pakistan is conceived as the partition of India into entirely separate (and probably jealous and unfriendly) countries, then its advent must be resisted in the most effective manner. This is obviously not being done. The Pakistan movement is growing month by month under our eyes. It will only diminish when there is general agreement that cultural minorities are entitled to security. And it is not sufficient to reply to Mr Jinnah that the Congress is "national" not communal, and that it should be trusted. Mr. Jinnah replies that this has been tried out, and is not true ; the Moslem in the districts has "had some", and is not taking any more.

I do not agree with Mr. Jinnah that there are no serious Moslems in the Congress, or that Maulana Kalam Azad is no more than a Congress "show boy." As one who has had a long and sympathetic acquaintance with Islam from Tangier to Teheran and Kabul and from Serajevo to Calcutta, I can tell him (and I think he would do well to believe me) that there are many devout Moslems in Bengal who regard the Maulana as a strong spiritual influence for good and are sorry that for political reasons he is no longer allowed to lead the prayers on the Calcutta mardān when the Moon of Ramadan has waned. But I think Congressmen should note that whereas a few years ago they were attracting large numbers of eager Moslem young men to their standard in the name of nationalism, to-day Moslem youth is leaving them, and the current is all the other way.

Mr. Jinnah's increased ascendancy in Moslem counsels is not entirely accounted for by successful strategy and tactics. It is, Moslems tell me, a tribute to a long public career in which he has shown himself to be no careerist. If Mr. Gandhi is incorruptible because he is not interested in possessions, Mr. Jinnah is incorruptible in that he possesses enough, and has earned an honourable independence in his legal profession. This, I find, counts for much. And even those Moslems who do not agree with him that the League as such should demand percentages in Cabinets, warmly approve of his thesis that for the full mobilization of the country's war effort real partnership, real sharing of the greatest effort and burden, are required.

BENGAL POLITICS

(Published on December 10, 1941)

IT is not for me to comment on a quarrel between Bengal Ministers about the rights of which I cannot judge. Like many others I feel that though there has been a good deal of evidence produced on both sides not all of it is there. Anyhow it is a very complicated affair.

But in connexion with the crisis it does seem worth while considering the ways in which what we call the democratic machinery of Government works.

Obviously if a Government is to be dependent on enjoying the confidence at least of the "Lower House" in a Legislature it must be able to command a majority of the votes in a division, on any measures which it sponsors or officially opposes.

In the last resort it does not matter where this majority comes from. It may come from a solid single party, as it used to in England in the good old Whig and Tory days, and later in the days of Disraeli's Conservatives and Gladstone's Liberals. Or it may come from the winner in a series of cross-coalitions as when the Conservatives and dissenting Liberal Unionists proved stronger than the Liberals and the Irish Nationalists, when Mr. Gladstone plumped for Home Rule.

So, provided that the House is allowed to express its opinion, I don't see that it matters much in the first instance whom the Governor sends for and invites to form a new Ministry when its predecessor has resigned. Over and over again in English history the Sovereign has had to proceed on a system of trial and error. He has, sometimes on the advice of the outgoing Prime Minister, sometimes on his own judgment, picked the wrong man first. That man has tried to "carry on the King's Government," but either he has had to come back and report that he could not succeed in forming a Cabinet that would get

sufficient support in the House of Commons, or he has actually formed an Administration, only to find as soon as it met Parliament that it was in a minority. So he has resigned ; someone else was sent for ; fresh combinations were tried ; and eventually something was always produced that could at least stay in office till an election was held and a popular verdict obtained.

Party loyalty sometimes outweighed personal considerations and kept a Government together even when a majority considered that the wrong man had been picked. When Mr. Gladstone finally resigned on account of extreme old age Queen Victoria never consulted him as to his own or the Liberal Party's views about a successor. She sent for Lord Rosebery, her own choice, Lord Rosebery was Foreign Secretary and sat in the Lords. The party would have preferred Sir William Harcourt, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who sat in the Commons. But it accepted the Queen's choice, and the Government dragged on for a miserable year of internal dissension after which it went to the polls and into the wilderness for more than ten years.

I am no stickler for slavish imitation of British systems and precedents. The British system itself keeps changing, and in any case has had some bad failures. In particular by refusing to provide some safeguards, in the form of devolution, some kind of "Home Rule," for the Irish, who were a perpetual minority at Westminster, and by insisting on simple majority rule for the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, it ended by driving the Southern Irish right out, so that to-day they are only nominally in the Commonwealth, and are not in the war. Gladstone was in the right of it, but simple majority democracy did him down. His "Home Rule" of the eighties and nineties was a mild measure, something like provincial government. It was accepted by Parnell first and the Redmondites afterwards, but owing to simple majority rule the first time, and the House of Lords' veto the second time, it could not be got through.

Hence risings in the last war, and "the troubles" afterwards, and finally a rotten settlement, making Eire a kind of Pakistan.

I leave it to you to decide for yourself whether there is a lesson for all of us here in India in that.

But there is a point on which new tendencies are showing themselves in India that seem to me of doubtful value. One is what I may call *electionphobia*. No side so far anywhere in the provinces has shown real anxiety to put an issue fair and square to the electors, and to resolve a crisis by a general election. Instead we are drifting to the French system of gerrymandering, of re-shuffling parties and Governments without reference to the electors. The rot started in Assam with the first Ministry in the new regime. It had no majority, and sustained defeat after defeat, but refused to resign. It dropped proposal after proposal to please the House, and ceased to be a Government in the ordinary sense. Then came the Congress Government which also had no stable majority. It varied the procedure by dodging occasions for meeting the House. Government by long vacation was its method of prolonging existence.

Years ago the late Harold Cox tried to enlist me as a supporter for a change he was advocating in a British convention. He urged that it should be possible for the House of Commons to pass a vote of censure on a particular Minister and procure his resignation, without this involving the resignation of the Prime Minister and the whole Cabinet. I was too young and too steeped in the usual Parliamentary convention to be persuaded by him, but afterwards I came to think there was a good deal to be said for it. That is a different matter, however, from a Government as a whole trying to carry on without a majority. If the House as a whole consists of members prepared to work the Constitution and somehow to provide a Government, then if they cannot resolve their differences they should go back to the electors. Otherwise democracy tends to become a ramp,—even more quickly and completely than it need.

A PROPHET IN SIMLA

(Published on December 12, 1941)

NO war has been so long and so steadily foreseen by those who study the streams of tendency in our times as the war between America and Japan.

When Japan defeated Imperial Russia early in this century, she at once dreamt dreams of Empire. She was to be the island metropolis of a vast overseas realm which would include not only most of Asia but also Australasia, the Pacific isles, and maybe colonies on the Pacific slopes of the American Continent.

Britain, ever suspicious of Tsarist Russia in relation to India, was in those days Japan's ally. Then came the menace to Europe from the Kaiser's Germany, and it drew Britain and Russia together. The Anglo-Japanese Treaty was renewed for the third time in 1911 for ten years and, when war broke out in 1914, Russia, Britain and Japan lined up against Germany. Eventually they were joined by the United States, but about the same time Russia had a revolution and went out of the war.

Under the current of all these events was the knowledge that Japan was working out her own great plan, which must one day bring her into collision with America. It was the first President Roosevelt who in 1905 made peace between Russia and Japan, but at the same time the seed of future war was discernible.

Nor was it ever in doubt that when that day came Britain and America would be found fighting together on the same side.

One can say much in criticism of British Imperialism or American commercial penetration, but when all has been said there remains an Anglo-Saxon body of doctrine common to both countries, a belief in the progressive development of political liberty, in the necessity for some peaceful means of expressing opinions opposed to those of Governments, so long as they are not designed to stir

up riot or revolution, a belief in the individuals before the law.

America has projected no Empire one not through dreams of military planned campaigns of conquest almost as Seely with some exaggeration absence of mind." It was the flag that of merchant venturers, before trade on the followed the flag.

But that was not the kind of dream that Japan dreaming. In cool calculation she set out to create by conquest an empire, commercial indeed, but to rest on military force.

While all this was brewing up it was plain that when the show-down came there would come the final great test of the success or failure of Britain's mission in Asia.

Would it be what the Japanese hoped to persuade the Continentals of Asia it would be, a crude race war in which she would claim to be Asia's leader? Or would it be something better than that, a war in which people would not range themselves on racial lines, but in defence of ideals and for the preservation of freedoms?

As this last it has come about. China from the beginning has claimed the sympathy of America and Britain as her moral right in her struggle with Japan, and has accepted as inevitable the opposition of Hitler and Mussolini. Japan has her European friends and allies, the Nazis and the Fascists, Britain and America have their Asiatic friends and allies.

If Britain had no friends in India to-day all her work in India would stand self-condemned.

But it is not so. Britain has left much undone, and there is much that she has yet to do before India's heart is wholly hers.

But in this hour India and Britain stand together.

Listen to a prophet speaking some twenty years ago.

In a varied life I have heard a good many speakers. The greatest orator of them all is Mr. Srinivasa Sastri, and

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eloquent speech I ever listened to was in Vice-regal Lodge at Simla in May 1922. He was about to set out on a goodwill mission to different parts of the Empire where the status of Indians was far from satisfactory. Mr. Reading gave a send-off dinner for him. I was visiting India for *The Times* that summer, and this is the message that *The Times* published in its next issue :—

EAST AND WEST

MR. SASTRI'S FAITH

MISSION OF BRITISH COMMONWEALTH

By ARTHUR MOORE

Simla, May 13.

It is doubtful if any company of diners ever listened to such a lofty and impassioned apologia for the British Commonwealth of Free Nations as that which Mr. Srinivasa Sastri delivered last night to a notable assembly at Vice-regal Lodge in reply to the Viceroy's toast wishing him godspeed on his mission to Australia.

The white-turbaned orator spoke as if endowed with prophetic fire, and avowed himself a member of the Servants of India Society, "of which the basic article is the belief that the connexion of India with England is somehow on high intended to fulfil some high purpose for the benefit of the world." "Perhaps (he said) it is necessary not to be an Englishman to feel the great influence of this Commonwealth and to feel its benevolence in full."

The Commonwealth has flaws, he continued, but "we are studying a great political institution and a mass of events connected inextricably with human affairs all over the world, and it were a pity to apply to it our petty standards. It stands unique in the world for the reconstruction of East and West."

The orator proceeded to speak of the possibility that the "world is moving forward at no long period to a great clash between East and West, white and coloured, which will be marked by the shedding of more blood, and the destruction of more human property and human happiness than any clash in the history of our planet." He added :—"If the British Commonwealth keeps its even

temper despite the ups and downs in its upward progress, there is no serious risk of this great earthquake submerging this planet."

Many have shared with Mr. Sastri the conviction that the great clash was coming.

Let me conclude with the rest of that message. Mr. Sastri was speaking in 1922, but his words were again prophetic and should strike home in Delhi and in Whitehall to-day :—

"Non-co-operation is dead, but it has left behind a spirit of brooding dissatisfaction. We have never seen such a wreck of hope and faith in the Government of the day. It rests with you, the Members and servants of the Government, to rebuild hope by constantly remembering that you are the front wheels of the future."

DIEHARDS IN DISCARD

(Published on December 13, 1941)

ON Tuesday night I heard the Tokyo wireless claim Maulana Kalam Azad and Pandit "Nayhayru" by name as Japan's agents and allies. The Japanese official announcer professed to give a flash from Bombay which said that the British release of "five hundred natives" (that is Japan's description and estimate of the numbers of the *satyagrahis*) from prison had been understood by Japan's friends and associates, the Congress, as a retreat in the war, dictated by fear of the common Japanese and Indian front. Chungking, he said, was at its wit's end. The Japanese with the help of their Indian friends, who could also be counted on in Malaya, now had the Chungking Government and party at their mercy.

I know that this attempt to claim Maulana Kalam Azad and Pandit Nehru as direct agents of Japan, or sympathisers even, is entirely untrue. But that is what Japan is broadcasting nightly to the listening earth.

Statements that Pandit Nehru has made in the last few days have given the lie direct to the Tokyo propagandists. That is splendid, for in the past Congress policy has unwittingly played into the hands of the Axis.

Let the Pandit take heart. Last week's events must have shaken our British diehards to the core. It does take a lot to shake them. But even they begin to realise that with Japan mobilizing millions of men we have been just playing with the issue in talking of mobilizing a hundred thousand at a time, and restricting India's industrial war output in the interests of British trade.

If the British diehards had to go to the country now on the Indian issue as an isolated question, they would be swept out of political existence. Fortunately no such crudity is possible. They will be swept along instead.

Think of the Air Force and the Army and the industry we might have had but for vested interests.

The Roger Mission shook up our hierarchy admirably by its forthrightness. It did a lot of good. But the Roger Mission's personnel came in an important measure from the Midlands. It was biased from the start against the idea of Indian self-sufficiency in motor engine production. That was where it failed.

Supposing Japan or Germany or both did ever succeed in getting a foothold in India. On what would real resistance depend? Obviously on genuine popular resistance; on guerrillas. Otherwise we go the way of Thailand.

There is a popular story in Bengal which I cannot accurately reproduce. Roughly it is that some Governor or great person asked an Indian leader, I think Sir Rash Behari Ghose, what Bengal would do if the German enemy landed at Calcutta. To which Sir Rash Behari replied :—

"We should do all that you have ever taught us to do. We should go down to the docks and garland them."

WAR THE UNIFIER

(Published on December 14, 1941)

A number of newspapers in India are inevitably making great play with certain statements made by Mr. Churchill and Mr. Amery in support of Japan in 1933 in the discussions on Japanese aggression in Manchuria. Mr. Churchill they quote as saying that it was in the interest of the whole world that law and order should be established in the northern part of China, because China was in the same state as India would fall into if the guiding hand of Britain was withdrawn. From Mr. Amery's speech at the same time they repeatedly take this sentence: "Our whole policy in India would stand condemned if we condemn Japan's action in Manchuria."

In different papers from different parts of the country in recent weeks these statements constantly recur. They deserve candid examination in the light of our subsequent experience. Not only Mr. Churchill and Mr. Amery but many other people in many parts of the world held those views.

Mr. Churchill and Mr. Amery were, as lengthier passages also quoted show, speaking frankly from the point of view of British interests. That was clearly a duty. There were people at that time who were always trying to get provocative resolutions passed condemning other countries but without any suggestion of how means were to be provided for remedying the state of affairs they condemned. The League of Nations had refused to do a thing about Japan's aggression in Manchuria except to pass a resolution condemning it. As the League collectively could and would do nothing it would clearly have been folly for any British statesman to propose that Britain, then disarmed and weaker at sea than she had been for decades, should go to war with Japan in defence of China. It is a sound rule not to go out of your way to be rude to those whom you are not willing to take on if they reply in kind to your rudeness.

So that I do not think the Indian Press can complain because British statesmen deprecated any idea of rushing to war with Japan in 1933. The circumstances to-day are altogether different, from the point of view of Britain's interests as well as her honour and duty. The Japanese menace has now extended to countries guaranteed British protection. Moreover Japan herself has declared the war and launched the attack, and is clearly acting in accordance with Britain's enemies already in the field, Hitler and Mussolini. Also, if we carry our minds back to the state of affairs in China ten years ago, we have to admit that China was then and had been almost continuously for twenty years, since the Chinese revolution in fact, in an anarchic state. The country was overrun by quarrelling war lords and beset by banditry. Not only legitimate Japanese traders but also British and American peaceful traders, missionaries and others suffered much.

Having recognized all that, the interesting thing is to turn to the sequel. No one can say that it was altogether unreasonable for third parties at that time to draw a comparison between the state of China and the state India might fall into if suddenly left on her own.

What is of particular interest to note however is that Japan's attempt to "protect" China acted in quite the opposite sense from that expected.

Instead of cutting through China like a knife through butter she wrought a miracle of regeneration in China, and consolidated the national spirit against herself.

China did fall into anarchy after the revolution of 1911, and as the years passed the country showed little signs of pulling itself together. On the contrary disintegration increased, and every year the situation grew worse and worse.

What stopped the rot, revived the national spirit, and made the Chinese remember that they must be Chinese first and members of some miserable local faction a long way second, was invasion by the foreigner. The Japanese invasion of Manchuria, an area always associated with the Manchu conquerors of China proper, did not work the miracle. Still the anarchy in China went on.

But when the Japanese invaded China itself, broke into North China first and then into South China, the national spirit revived, and with every month that passed it grew and grew. Now under Chiang Kai-shek China is a country once again. Her resistance is indomitable. The Japanese will never crush it.

What would that seem to show? Why this, that while it is a reasonable inference that if what Mr. Churchill called "the guiding hand of British rule" were suddenly removed in a normal time of peace India's national spirit might not prove strong enough to overcome the antagonistic internal elements which still persist, and she might flame into a series of local civil wars as China did, and enter on a period of disintegration, the time when the national spirit and instinct of self-defence will be at its strongest is when danger threatens from outside.

In other words, if we wait for some ideal suitable occasion in time of peace when India will be obviously and beautifully ready to enter upon complete self-government, that time may never arrive. Britain may always have an apparently strong reason for not removing her guiding hand. Indian discontent will go on growing. The possibility of a genuinely peaceful solution will for ever keep receding.

The ideal time, therefore, for India to attain her full status is in a deadly war in which Britain and India are alike threatened by common enemies and are fighting for their very existence.

That time is now. The great decision can no longer be avoided.

WHAT JAPAN COUNTS ON

(Published on December 8, 1941)

The Tokyo radio for some time past has repeatedly suggested that the British in India are living in a fools' world. They are, according to the Japanese, the victims of their own superiority complex and do not understand the racial feeling that exists, but they, the Japanese, know. They make references also to the troops in Malaya.

I do not think that the Japanese are as wise as they pretend to be, and I have no doubt that they are having a heavy headache at this moment. But what is plain is that Hitlerism, Fascism (which began as an article "not for export") and Japanese Imperialism all depend on exaggerated national pride and race feeling. And though this means that they themselves are intolerant of other people's claims, their propaganda is largely based on an appeal to the racial passions and hatreds that exist amongst other peoples.

And because of the clash they have caused in the world, racial passions are rising. This war is in one aspect a gigantic struggle between forces making for a federal internationalism that will give men everywhere a greater sense of individual freedom inside a common polity, and on the other hand for a world empire, in which nationality will survive in agony, in living death and shameful consciousness. At the head will be a master nation, and below, in graded stages of servitude with appointed economic tasks, the other nations and races will moulder into deeper and deeper degeneration, snarling at one another the while and hating everybody and everything.

And there is a "partisan" or guerrilla war going on behind both fronts, in the other side's territory. Behind Hitler's front there are thousands who abhor his race theories and his arrogant Teutonism. Behind our front there are thousands to whom either the preservation of national and racial prestige or the satisfaction of race

hatreds bred from inferior status are more alluring than the prospect of entering a wider, more internationally constituted world.

This is a war between co-operators and non-co-operators. That war goes on between the Allies and Hitler, but it also goes on in Britain between Britons and Britons and in India between Indians and Indians.

In Britain the co-operators are winning all the time. The change in the policy of *The Times* regarding India and several other issues is significant of much. There is now practical unanimity in the daily Press that vested interests still receive undue consideration by comparison with the willing sacrifice of individuals, in other words that property is rated higher than persons. And there is unanimity on the importance of healing up sores in India if it can be done. But there is still a hard core of non-co-operators slowly and toughly fighting a retreating battle. In the House of Commons most of them sit behind the Government and strenuously exert pressure upon the Prime Minister in the name of his party.

Here in India non-co-operation has been a creed for many years, and naturally it has racial passion to feed on in this crisis. It pursues guerrilla warfare behind our front, and though it claims to be acting on its own, the result works out as an aid to the other side. Hence Hitler and the Japanese make so much of it in their broadcasts, and count it as an ally.

Racial feeling seems to remain, alas, the key to Mr. Gandhi, a sad legacy from an episode in Rajkot in his youth. He sees no contradiction in calling his creed one of universal love, and therefore bound eventually to change even the stony British heart, and also declaring that it is a nationalist war against the British Government, and that no gesture of clemency to prisoners will change his own heart. Nothing of that sort will evoke "a single responsive or appreciative chord" in him, he tells us.

That is strange language, which some of Mr. Gandhi's admirers must read with pain. Must *ahimsa* end as a hymn of hate?

It is now some fifty years since the Political Resident in Rajkot insulted Mr. Gandhi. The deep impression it made on him is shown by the fact that writing his autobiography thirty-five years afterwards he devotes a whole chapter to it under the heading "The First Shock," and he ends the chapter by saying that this shock changed the course of his life. Finding Rajkot intolerable he went to Africa and there found only too much stimulus for genuine racial indignation.

If you stop to think of it, you will realize that all race feeling can only have its origin in personal incidents. Anti-British feeling on the part of Indian leaders is due to the fact that at some time in their history most of them have experienced indignity from some arrogant or merely insensitive and stupid white. Psycho-analysis enables us to trace the results in individuals, but analysis sometimes helps to heal the wound. Mr. Gandhi has certainly had a full revenge. No single individual in the British Empire has caused such unrest inside it or so rallied race feeling against the British as he. He has doubtless done much good in giving back their self-respect to many who had forgotten it and teaching some boorish people to mind their manners. But also he has behind him in his movements of the early twenties and thirties a trail of riot and bloodshed.

The world is changing Mr. Gandhi, Britain is changing every day. Those who are battling for privilege and resisting the recognition that a man's a man for all that are fighting a losing battle. Soon India will get all the status she wants, may be more than she can quickly and conveniently cope with. Those in India who refuse to believe this and to respond to anything that comes from the British side are delaying progress, and giving a leg-up to the losing diehards.

Fifty years is a long time. What about burying the hatchet?

WHAT LACK WE YET?

DOUBTS THAT CLOG EFFORT

(Published on November 24, 1941)

"THERE is no sense in this war" is a phrase we often hear. It expresses the point of view not only of the escapist who has fled to some peaceful spot, and of the conscientious objector who is refusing to do war work and ranging himself against popular sentiment, but also of innumerable men and women who are reconciled to the fact that the war must be fought and who are at any rate making some show of "doing their bit" in the services or industry. More than any other opinion or feeling it hampers our war effort, slows up the pace, weakens the stroke.

Yet what presumption it is for us to decide that there is no sense in the war. In that sentence we pass judgment on the universe, on evolution, on God. And supposing, which after all is the more probable, that the universe moves rightly and we are wrong, what fools we are not to try to find out what the point is and go to it with all our might !

In national and patriotic terms the answer to the question what we are fighting for is easy. We in Britain and the Commonwealth and the Russians also are fighting to save ourselves from Hitler's ruthless domination. The Poles, Norwegians, Dutch, Belgians, Greeks, Yugo-Slavs and Free French are fighting to get their countries back. The Americans are helping us because they fear Hitler's domination.

The incentive is powerful but militarily it is clearly not forceful enough in modern total war. It has already produced a series of disasters. Country after country went down because each in its anxiety to preserve itself hoped to keep out of the war, believed that peace was divisible, and was unwilling to risk being its neighbour's keeper. Common misfortune then induced collaboration but in so far as it is purely collaboration to defeat Hitler and then resume full national sovereignty—collaboration *ad hoc*, with *hoc* standing for victory—it has inherent

weaknesses. Those who cannot but think of the future after the war in terms of national greatness and glory cannot help obstructing total war. National vested interests, trade channels, trade secrets, tradition, prestige, blur their judgment daily. For total war demands the pooling of all resources, unification of commerce, of strategy, of aims. Its requirements go beyond the wishes and consent of purely nationalistic patriots.

Then there are the masses who are called on to endure air raids, and restrictions of food, fuel, and space, to provide personnel for the fighting services and for industry, and to work at high pressure. The preservation of national wealth and prestige does not always furnish them with sufficient motive to sustain them. Their individual stake in national wealth is often small. They were discontented before the war. The *status quo* to them stands for economic insecurity and unemployment, a condition in which the worker often has to choose either a servility wounding to his self-respect or intermittent industrial warfare at the bidding of his union.

These masses have the sense to realize that Hitler is their enemy. But for them the choice between Hitler and the *status quo* is a choice between a greater evil and a lesser only. They are suspicious of national victories which they think will lead to the preservation of armaments and to later wars. They are willing to make sacrifices cheerfully but they are very jealous about equality of sacrifice. The newspapers they read sense this strong feeling and cater for it. Hence there is much growling and grumbling published. This public inquest for profiteers, "food-hogs," petrol wasters, or privileged people, though it should be a salutary red light of warning to those who so flout opinion, tends also to slacken the general effort. The existence of privilege of any kind for those making no visible special sacrifice is at present a deadly irritant, and a percentage of the working classes suspect that the preservation of privileges is part of the war aims of those in authority.

Whether this analysis be correct or not there is common consent in the Press and amongst public men in Britain that the total war effort is far below what it should be and

could be. For months now every leading paper has exhorted, warned, or implored. Some employers blame the unions and the workmen, the unions and the workmen have blamed the employers. The Press blames both, and the Government, Parliament, the Civil Service, the Diplomatic Service, the Churches, the Old School Tie, the Brass Hats, self-important Municipal Councillors, Town Clerks long trained in giving reasons why things cannot be done, all are blamed for what is recognized to be a totally inadequate coping with a desperate emergency. The German soul which Hitler has gripped and possessed works with him against the clock to destroy us quickly, but we admit that our effort to counter this danger by giving our fighting men the planes, the ships, the weapons, and the food they need falls short.

What lack we yet? What will make us surrender ourselves to the necessities of total war?

EVOLUTION AS A FORCE

(Published on November 25, 1941)

With rough accuracy we may divide people in all countries into two classes, those with a faith and those without it. The "new orders" which Hitler on the one hand and the Communists on the other offer represent a faith in the future, something which to youth has seemed worth striving for, and as Fascism or Communism, and more particularly the latter, has made converts everywhere, Nazis and Marxists alike have faith in evolution. But they believe that Man (individually or in groups) depends solely on himself. Evolution they conceive as irresistible, but as a blind force. Intellect is supreme and its triumph is material mastery and organization. Intellect shows that to have mastery one—whether "one" be an individual or a nation—must organize many and this leads to the dictatorship of individuals and parties or groups, race groups in the German cult, class in the Marxist cult. The Marxists appeal to men in all countries, but Hitler counters this advantage and derives force from the fact that he has one foot in the religious camp. Through blood consciousness he believes in a tribal German God incarnate in himself. This diminishes his appeal to minds elsewhere but gives him the devoted energies of Germans.

In all countries there are those without faith either in evolution or in God. They carry on, often manfully, on patriotism, a sense of duty, anger, hatred, or sheer compulsion. They look only backwards, hoping against hope for a return of a vanishing pattern of life but not confident of any good future, and cynical about the future in relation to the past.

"What about the last war to end war?" they say, and they write down ideals as merely the stuff of which propaganda has to be mass produced.

In the evolutionary struggle these people may be counted out. They may accept evolution from ape to

man, but they cannot conceive that the process is endless and must go forward.

Fortunately such people must be a minority. If the human race is following an evolutionary pattern of development there are left-overs at every stage, but the pattern wins through.

Can we begin to discern the pattern? My belief is that all over the world in the hearts of those who are instinctively opposed to the totalitarian "new orders" is the conviction that we are fighting for something which will prevail, but which is not yet made clear by our leaders. In the words of Edith Cavell, "Patriotism is not enough." We must sooner or later leave our spiritual Maginot Line where we defend the *status quo*, and set out boldly to storm our way to the City of God. In America and the British Commonwealth there are millions of people with a faith in God, a belief in divine evolution, people who do not merely "think" but know that this is an evolutionary struggle between relatively good and relatively evil forces (there can of course be no absolutely evil forces), and that humanity will out of suffering make that leap forward which nature has long been preparing; the leap that happens when a dull grub takes wings and radiant colours, a leap of the spirit which will be the counterpart of the leap of the intellect already taken by a species which has moved from manual production and animal transport to mechanical production, traction, flight, and the marvels of electricity and chemistry.

To the idea of a blind evolution we reply with faith in divine evolution. But this faith must become humanity's true religion. Obviously there must be some truth in religion, something which is hidden in the competing sects within the great religions, Christianity, Islam, Hinduism, Buddhism, Judaism. To win the world war and launch the new era a synthesis of religion is as necessary as a unification of strategy and a pooling of industrial resources.

The root difficulty is the problem of the human will—is it free or not? The founders of the great religions have all taught one thing, but the Churches have in general

taught another, because they have held that the founders' teaching cut at the springs of action'. The founders have been pantheists. God, they say, is not outside the Universe. He is "One, without a second" because He *is* the Universe, without beginning or end in time, without limit in space. He is within us, and we live and move and have our being in Him ; we are organs in His infinite body, and there are, as the artist knows, separate lives in our bodies. Not only are we all waves of one sea and fingers of one hand, but every wave in the sea and every finger of our hands has an individual life for Him, a vision of which is granted to the artist.

Religious leaders involve themselves in contradictions. They have to admit such texts as "in Whom we live and move and have our being," "God shall be all in all," "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of God, as the waters cover the sea," but in practice they deny these as dangerous. The doctrine of "Immanence" they hold destroys the belief in free will. It leads to fatalism and passivity. It has prevented progress in the East, they say, and in some Catholic countries has led to excessive resignation and consequent poverty and laziness.

What the world needs to-day is the reconsideration of the whole problem in the light of the accepted theory of evolution.

A COMMON FAITH NEEDED

(Published on November 26, 1941)

WHAT I am suggesting is that we are involved in a total war, which cannot be patched up, which will spread from country to country, and after Hitler and Mussolini have gone down the drain may continue over a large part of the earth's surface as a dull anarchy of civil wars or class wars, unless those who are now fighting Hitler's single-purposed effort have themselves a common faith and purpose.

We have to oppose a religion to a religion. What we have got at present is a collection of religions, all of them presumably originally enshrining the truth their founders understood, but all cluttered round with antiquarian and theological accretions, which hide the truth and make them unsatisfactory to the modern man. In every country the "intelligentsia" challenges the Church and religion has lost it hold.

Religion, as a whole, not this religion or that, therefore needs restatement in a sense in which man's reason will accept it to-day. It needs reconsideration in the light of the accepted theory of evolution.

The belief in the omnipotence of God and the predestination of man led to passivity, poverty, and laziness when God was conceived as ruling a static earth, a place where men from generation to generation spend a mortal life before proceeding to a far better world, but a place which remains much the same. Once we realize the tremendous fact about evolution, which is that not only has man evolved from the ape and from lower types still further back but that the process is endless and must go forward from ape to superman, our interest shifts from the next life to this. The idea of the increasing perfectability of the human race, of a kingdom of heaven on earth becomes an exciting possibility. The idea of God in evolution is the antithesis of passive fatalism, of any standing still. We realize that if we can only get to know God's

Will it will enchant us, and our own Will will reflect it as in a tiny mirror. We shall become in a new sense free and active agents, active in a part which may be large or may be small but is anyhow an essential part of the whole in an endlessly evolving divine drama. We shall get both the artist's vision of the world, and the true artistic creative impulse.

Every thinker who has freed his thinking from the inhibitions of tradition and environment and from all outside authority whatever, and has used his reason to the limit in the search of absolute truth, has come to the knowledge that what he calls "I", what enables him to say "I am I," has no separate free existence, that his very thoughts are not his own, that he is a completely conditioned and created being. If he has not been given the faculty of seeing the existence of an all-pervading Mind he falls back—usually invoking "science"—on a mechanistic determinism, and explains himself in terms of heredity, environment and the newer methods of psycho-analysis and behaviourism, abandoning the hope that he can maintain zest in living once the exuberance of youth has fled and reflection set in.

But if he is fortunate enough to have the faculty of that awareness of God, that awareness of an all-pervading life of which he and everything is a manifestation, which comes through the senses, not the intellect, comes through the eye and the ear, and through touch, taste, and smell, and in the Wordsworthian stillness in some synthesis of sense perception, he then knows himself and all men as literally persons, *i.e.*, *personae*, masks or characters in a divine drama through whom the Author sounds (*personae*). Language begins to live anew. He sees that word sounds have meanings that have been overlaid and "refined" into lifeless jargon by generations of men whose belief in themselves alone in this world, with consequent besetting vanity and pride, and relegation of God to another life altogether, has cut them off from truth and made them mistake new words for things. A great clearing of verbal rubbish is needed if we are to grasp truth. Science is only the Latin word for knowledge; there is no difference between "vitality" and "life", and

life is to be judged by its intensity, its quality. The "soul," the "self", and the "psyche" are the same.

If we grasp the conception of divine evolution we see life and human history as drama in which the lines are written for us, and the scenes are for ever shaping themselves. It is "Now" alone that matters. Now, the present moment, is for ever the fruit of all the past and the seed of all the future. We realize the folly of inventing a "good" God, that is, a God in our own image, a God who has only qualities of "goodness" which we admire and has no evil. God is absolute and all pervading, and what we call evil is a purely temporal or local evil, evil relative to us and for us to strive against, but in the absolute sense good because part of God, just as the murderous Macbeth and Lady Macbeth supremely acted are good—without them there would be no play.

Moreover all history shows that out of what we call evil comes what we call good, and that in the endless drama there are a succession of acts with good endings. By this perception we all become men and women of destiny and ready for any sacrifice that we may have to make. A Canterbury lamb about to be killed is frightened, and could it be made to understand that it was being killed to be eaten by men with pleasure, to the accompaniment of mint sauce and peas, would not be consoled. But if the lamb had something of the adoration of the human race that the dog has, and could be made to understand that by its death it would give life and sustenance to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and enable him to preach a sermon that would sustain his fellow men, the lamb might cheerfully die. It might indeed become a lamb of God.

WHEN REASON MISLEADS

(Published on November 27, 1941)

TAKE the case of the man who has not pushed his reasoning far enough to see that he is entirely a created and conditioned being with no meaning apart from his surroundings and his relationships, is at any moment acted upon and affected by those surroundings and himself is reacting upon and modifying those surroundings, is in short a character in an endless play whose every movement and utterance has significance for the eyes and ears of a rapt observer.

Though he has not used it to the full he will not fail to make some use of his reasoning power, and if he believes that he is a completely separate self, solely responsible for himself to himself, his reason will teach him to get as much as he can. He will reason that nobody else can possibly be as important to him as himself, that self-preservation must be his first requirement, self-pleasing his second. He must be the centre of his own universe.

Reason will go on to teach him that he must, in order both to live and to live as comfortably as possible, make concessions to others so that they may permit him to live and may render him services, and also he will wish to satisfy affections and social instincts. Reason will also teach him to combine with others to get what he and they want, because a combination of the weak can overcome stronger individuals who act separately.

The workers in a shoe factory make thousands of pairs of shoes, shoes of differing sizes and shapes, shoes for men, women and children.

In a world where human beings regard themselves as solely dependent on themselves, and possessed of separate free wills, each worker will see his task of making shoes for other people as an unpleasant necessity, something he has to do in order to get for himself the food, clothes and shelter without which he cannot live and in addition as many enjoyments as possible.

The workers will separately and collectively have a conception of what is owing to them for their work, they will have "rights" and they will belong to a union to enforce them. The managers and administrative staff who represent the employers and capitalists will similarly have a conception of what is owing to them, and the employers will have a union to strengthen them in resisting the ever increasing demands of the workers. Reason will teach the workers to stop short of demands that will make it impossible to carry on the factory, but equally it will teach them that there is no other limit. It is their right to get as much as they can for themselves.

Similarly reason will teach the employers to improve conditions of work sufficiently to ensure that they shall get workers, but equally it will tell them not to go beyond this line.

A society based upon belief in free will, and without the conception of divine evolution and constant change, thus becomes a mixture of class war and compromise ; work tends to become joyless and, unless it can be directly related to personal profit, to be scamped ; pleasure is sought only outside work, and since the artistic vision of the world is lacking, pleasure is limited in range. With the help of stimulants and narcotics some glimpse of the truths to which our reason would lead us if we used it to the full may be obtained. But if we regard life as a struggle for each of us alike, and not as a moving picture in which we are in front of the camera, we wish to forget the struggle when we relax.

Consequently we dislike entertainment which represents life as it is, and includes work and suffering. We seek only to be amused. The mass production of forms of entertainment which provide some escape from reality becomes itself a huge trade, and since it is bad art it becomes in turn a form of work, complete with employers and employed, with employers' unions and workers' unions.

No society, of course, is altogether like that. No country is composed of people who are quite sure there is no God and quite sure of their own free will, and who

starting from this false basis use their reason to get everything they can for themselves. Feeling and the senses prompt, and in common race blood and characteristics, in common love of country, in the magnetism of persons and things, there are bonds which unite people and make them forget themselves.

But there are millions who have been taught to believe in themselves and their free will, and who have neither the faculty of seeing God in their surroundings and the world as a whole nor have used their reason to discover that their will is not free unless it mirrors the omnipotent will. They are "agnostic," not sure that God is, and therefore their reason instead of being their guide misleads them to the conclusion that they must fight for their own hand.

Reason indeed now tells them that patriotism and nationalism should yield to self-interest, and that a wise man will take as few risks and make as much out of a war as he conveniently can. It may also convince them, as it did Karl Marx, that all men might be better off if the world was internationally organized. But unless they see the world as a process of divine evolution, and God as an endless sentient picture, a "movie" and a "feelie" in which we are, their reason will not make them true citizens of the world with a sense of fellowship with all men.

In most men blood ties and local patriotisms will overcome what they may judge to be the voice of reason in time of war. They will be patriotic rather than international, and they will subordinate self-interest up to a point for their country's call. The Jew, without country or blood ties with the majority in any country, is a natural internationalist. Therefore if he is aware of God, and has the artistic vision of phenomena and inner oneness with his surroundings, he is specially fitted to lead and guide in evolutionary advance, to be a true citizen of the world.

But if he is an agnostic believer in himself, his reasoning powers turn the best into the worst. In time of war he is without any sense of obligation. He has no scruples and seeks to save his skin, live as comfortably

as possible, evade laws and obligations, and make profit out of others' misfortunes. Conventional morality does not affect him at all. He is restrained only by his fear of the law and of the inconveniences arising from outraged public opinion.

The Jew is in the centre of the picture in this war. For Hitler it is a war against the Jews. In the allied countries many who opposed Hitler have nevertheless some sympathy with his anti-semitism. Yet I see on our side no frank discussion of this war issue. Nor do I see any adequate effort made by the good Jews, who must be the moral leaders of their community throughout the world, to use their influence over the bad Jews. It is notorious that the baser Jews are amongst the first to seek shelter, and that they are expert organizers of rackets which defeat the rationing regulations.

SALES OR SERVICE ?

(Published on November 28, 1941)

MAN must have food, fuel, clothes and shelter. All talk of economic or political freedom is nonsense till a man has these things secured, for without them he cannot live. Life can have no quality when it is merely a continuous struggle to preserve itself. To become a spectator of life, to see it as a whole, to taste it, to develop the art of living is impossible.

If one has no certainty that food, fuel, clothing and shelter will be forthcoming to-morrow one looks upon food, fuel, clothing and shelter as ends in themselves. One lives to eat instead of eating to live. The animal "seeks his meat from God." He is not troubled to-day by uncertainty as to where his meat will come from to-morrow. Man looks before and after and consequently fears for the future. He desires to own things and he proceeds to store. Because he does not trust other men to give him what he needs he wishes to store for himself, not to contribute to a collective store.

The economic problem therefore is 'one of providing the sense of security, of removing fear and worry. We cannot discard memory and our habit of looking forward ; we cannot go back to the purely animal consciousness. Yet we know that there is a way of living continually in the present which is neither unmindful of the past nor improvident of the future. In every instant of the present there is the fruit and consequence of all the past, and the seed of all the future.

How can that be turned into economic truth ? It will be done when we understand that we must eat to live instead of living to eat. And what is true of the consumption of food is true of all other forms of consumption.

At present we produce consumption goods in order to sell them. We do not produce them in order to prevent people from going hungry and cold and being therefore unable to live fully and joyously. We produce goods

that we know or think we know that people will buy because they must have them, but our concern is to sell them, and to satisfy the customers so that they will come back to us and keep on buying. It is considered a good plan to emphasize this desire to satisfy the customer. But admittedly talk of "service before self" is just part of the technique of salesmanship. The essential thing is to sell. Production must be maintained, we say, therefore consumption must be maintained. If people will not live to eat and to wear clothes and to consume fuel they must be made to do so. We must create new desires for new foods, new condiments, new dishes, new fashions in clothes, new ways of spending money. It is no good increasing the production of food or clothes for the hungry and cold if the hungry and cold cannot buy them. They will just have to go hungry as we cannot produce except for sale, and therefore instead of producing food we must turn to another line and produce remedies for indigestion for those who can afford to overeat, and finer materials for those who can afford to dress well. We must also create a taste for those things by advertising them, so that instead of eating and wearing to live fully, people shall more and more live just to eat and wear.

So we get the jungle of modern production. Everything is produced for sale, and not in response to a simple consumers' demand. No consumer's desires or demands can be taken into account unless he has money to buy. The fact that he has labour or capacity of some kind to give will not help him if he has not money.

In a world organized on the basis of sales rather than service money is all important. Everyone desires to accumulate money. It alone represents security and power. To get rich quick and legally, so that one will be able to claim a right to retain one's wealth, is the common passion. The possession of money is the mark of success and becomes a source of pride.

No preaching will change this. Indeed we are often conscious that the preachers and the moralists are themselves trying to sell us something. New religious movements set out as go-getters, advertise themselves and seek to advertise God.

But we shall change our system once we are convinced that it has broken down and that there is something to put in its place.

If we are convinced that the control of industry by producers instead of by the consumers, the regulation of production in accordance with effective monetary demand instead of in response to consumption demand, makes war inevitable, causes national wars between the Have and the Have-Not countries, and class wars between Have and Have-Not classes, then we have to choose between a change of system and recurring wars of an increasingly destructive kind. If we are convinced that the last war and the present war have sprung from greed, from the love of money, then we may look for some practical means of dethroning the money power.

Supposing St. Paul was right, supposing he really did concentrate the whole of human wisdom in one short sentence when he wrote to Timothy "The love of money is the root of all evil"? (not, mark you, some evil but *all* evil). What then? Supposing his Master was talking rock-bottom hard crude bare sense when He said "It is more blessed to give than to receive"—what then?

Supposing there is a pleasanter, more enjoyable way of living possible for all of us collectively, without this terrible sense of insecurity, this urge to pile up money, this haunting fear that the pile may then lose its purchasing power, and prove only a pillule?

· WAGES AND PRICES

(Published on November 29, 1941)

PACIFISM in itself can never prevent war, "non-violence" can do nothing if we remain under the necessity to compete with one another for money. So long as life is a struggle with our fellow men, a struggle to make them buy as many things as possible at the highest price they can be induced to pay, and a struggle to get from them as much as possible at the lowest price we need pay, so long will violence flare up, and wars break out. So long as production is organized on a basis of sales rather than service human life in civilized countries must be not a struggle with resisting powers of nature and matter but a cannibalistic struggle between men.

We mitigate it by service and love, but the root fact is the necessity of salesmanship, the necessity to exploit other people, to boost ourselves, our goods, our services, to cheapen others and enhance oneself.

To-day we even have to "sell" the war to the public. Propaganda, we are told, is the stuff to give the troops and the munition workers. But we do not tell them how we are going to keep the peace when we have won the war, because we do not know.

Well, how can we get economic peace? If private enterprise in a system whereby production is organized for sale rather than service has led to unemployment, slumps, and war, the substitution of public for private enterprise cannot in itself effect a change. Enterprise of a social kind is good whenever found, and unless present in individuals will certainly be absent in the State. Mere socialism, collective ownership, is no panacea.

A municipality or a country organized for sales rather than service would be worse than a system of private enterprise. For private venturers quarrel chiefly with their own labour, they seek customers everywhere and

they have some perception of the importance of reciprocity in foreign markets and their desire for tariff protection is mitigated by dislike of the measure of Government inspection and supervision which often accompanies a tariff. But a municipality accepts responsibility for distribution only in its own area, while necessarily drawing for supplies on a much larger area, and therefore setting up causes of conflict and wasteful competition.

A socialist state aiming at self-sufficiency, and at the same time organizing production with an eye to sales before service, would be still more catastrophic. Under national socialism the greed that in a system of private enterprise drives the individual or corporation would be transferred to the state. The desire to exploit other nations, to amass national wealth, would never be satisfied. Inevitably it will feed on its appetite, and such states will find themselves in recurring wars with one another. Moreover, as in an unofficial enterprise directors and workers come first, then shareholders, and finally the consuming public, so in a state-owned industry where production was based on sales rather than service, the interest of the executives and workers would come before those of the consumer.

The workers would base their demands for increased wages on the money profits of the industry to the state. The executives and workers would continue to exploit the consumer. Profits realized, or at any rate loss avoided, would be used as an argument to silence protest in the legislature, which would be the nearest equivalent to a shareholders' meeting, and the consumers in that particular industry, or those who would like to have had goods to consume, would have little or no remedy at a general election, where they would have to vote for a representative on a multiplicity of issues.

Thus we see that the tendency of socialism if it took over industry from private enterprise but continued to produce primarily to maintain those engaged in the industry, that is to sell first and to serve second, would be to put up wages rather than to keep down prices. It would concentrate on the living conditions of workers

and not on abolishing unemployment or diminishing poverty as a whole.

It is, of course, a good thing if workers' wages can be increased. But unless the increase is in real wages, that is in purchasing power, it is not a real increase. Moreover since an increase of workers' money wages tends to put up the price of the goods which the working classes consume, it increases the poverty of the poor, whose little money will consequently purchase still less, and it makes more difficult the problem of the unemployed.

Unfortunately some trade union leaders and many workers do not yet grasp this simple truth, that to promote a rising standard of living steady prices of goods in terms of money are essential. Higher money wages must lead to higher prices under the present system of production for sale rather than service.

ECONOMICS IN PRACTICE

(Published on November 30, 1941)

ECONOMIC systems and solutions are not generally devised or discovered by theorists. They are evolved in practice, and grow in circumstances. Nearly a hundred years ago under stress of poverty a few people in Rochdale found a way of alleviating their poverty. It combined the advantages of private enterprise and collective action, and it worked.

The word went round, and canny Lancashire folk got on to the good thing. Soon it spread to Yorkshire, and then all over the country. The original members of the Co-operative movement in Rochdale were so poor that they could not rent a shop. They did their small business after working hours in an upper room where they made purchases in pence and half-pence. But their business has never stopped growing or looked back. The thing works and spreads, and spreads and works. To-day it represents hundreds of millions of capital in Britain, and it has spread in Scandinavia and other parts of the world. Nothing appears ever likely to stop it; so sooner or later it must become general. When the wreckage of the world "blitz" is cleared it will be revealed as the surviving economic sanity. After one hundred years, when 1945 comes round, it should be ready to take the world for its stage.

It did not function at all in the way the pioneers hoped and expected. It worked in quite a different way, because that was the only way in which it could be made to work. The early co-operators were like the rest of the working class idealists of their day and most of those of to-day. They belonged to the working classes and they wished to improve the conditions of labour. Their idea was to produce co-operatively because, like capitalists and workers to-day, they were convinced that it is production, and production for sale, that matters most. That is the idea that continues to dominate the agricultural co-operative movement in India and elsewhere.

But it wouldn't work that way. It just wasn't so.

It was the co-operation of the consumer that mattered. All the efforts of the early co-operators to be their own producers failed completely or comparatively, for the best of reasons. They were, though he did not know it, the working man's attempt to commit the crime of which he accused the large employers, to produce goods for sale rather than service in order to benefit the producers, in this case the workmen themselves. There was no new economic virtue in them to make them a success, and they had against them the vast power and resources of established industry which would not permit them to compete. Had they succeeded they would have benefited the workers in particular industries, but they would have made more insoluble the problem of the casual labourer and the unemployed and increased the poverty of the poor.

When the co-operators in their capacity as workmen tried to run their own boot factory, produce boots to capacity, sell the boots to themselves and the public, and pay themselves a proper wage, they found that the boots did not find their market quick enough. They themselves did not need enough boots, or needed their wages for other purchases. Others did not know them and neither placed orders nor bought. They had no funds for advertising and were doubtful of its wisdom. Prospective customers of goods complained of lack of choice and range.

But when the Society became one of co-operative consumers nothing could prevent its success. The members were poor and their needs were not wide, but their need for food, clothes and fuel in various forms was insistent, absolute, and stable. Wherever a sufficiently large group of consumers decided to run their own store they bought at wholesale prices, had not to advertise goods and search for customers or carry speculative lines of unwanted stocks. They could sell at market prices and have a profit to distribute to themselves as dividend.

But this was only the first and most elementary success in the great transformation from control by the manufacturer to control by the consumer. When a sufficiently large group of co-operative stores decided to run their own warehouses, they became their own wholesale merchants and cut out another rake-off. They began to buy for themselves from manufacturers and growers at home and abroad on an ever growing scale.

The next step was to start their own factories and farms and become producers. Thus the great revolution was accomplished and the consumer at last controlled production. The familiar process was reversed—instead of the manufacturer controlling first his workmen, then becoming his own wholesaler, finally blossoming out into a great trust or merger, controlling its own retailers and with the help of advertisements controlling the consumer, the consumer dictated what the factories should produce or the farms grow.

But the co-operators themselves did not quickly understand the revolution they were producing. As working men they still thought that the real revolution required was but the ownership and control of production; plant should be transferred from employers to employed. Presently also the familiar conflict of interest arose between the members of the co-operative societies and their own employees. Soon they were employing workers who had not become members, and since they did not deal at co-operative stores received no dividend. The co-operators were accused of being no better than other employers.

But nothing could stop the spread of the movement and the growth of business. The store gave the workers good value, and attracted customers who were not members. They were given a coupon with every purchase, and when the profits were allocated dividends were paid both upon shares and upon every pound spent in purchases. But this last was smaller for non-members, one share or vote. As time passed the control of the consumer more and more justified itself by the beneficial

results to the workers. It became clear that the movement's direction was towards raising the standard of living and did not in any way run contrary to the general labour movement for higher money wages, though it kept prices down for its members.

AN INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY

(Published on December 1, 1941)

CONSUMERS' Co-operative Societies have achieved industrial democracy. The American republican ideal of a democratic Constitution is that every individual shall count for one, and no one shall count for more than one. Every member of a local Co-operative Society has to own one share, and no one can own more than one. For that he has one vote, and on that he gets a fixed rate of interest. But when the profits of the Society are divided he gets a dividend on every pound's worth of goods he has purchased from the Society.

The local Society in turn owns a share in the federation of Societies, which is the Co-operative Wholesale Society. For this it has a single vote, and it in turn receives a dividend out of the profits of the C.W.S. based on the volume of its purchases.

Thus all profits go back to the consumers in proportion to their purchases, and the more they consume the more they get back for new consumption. "Save while you spend" is the motto. Membership is open to all, without respect of class, creed, or colour.

The C.W.S. is extending co-operative control over all stages of production and distribution, from the raw materials to the sale of the finished article. It has nearly 200 works and factories in England and Wales in which all kinds of domestic goods are produced or processed for the co-operative consumers. These factories and workshops belong to the co-operative democracy and all the benefits of the mutual trade go ultimately to the members of the local co-operative societies.

Manufacturing, banking, building, engineering, farming, transport, importing—all these are the activities of the C. W. S. Over £800 million is the turnover of the English C. W. S. Bank in a year. It is one of the biggest financial institutions in the country, and it and the capital resources of the C. W. S. represent a financial and trading system

which is rock-like in foundation and security. It owns tea and coffee estates in Ceylon and India, and has its own importing agencies in Africa, Australia, and New Zealand. To-day the movement in England "reaches towards full status as a business economy of proved value to half the nation."

In 1938 Professor Carr-Saunders with two colleagues and a representative committee completed a full survey into the aims, methods and results of the movement, and they recorded their conclusions in a volume called *Consumers' Co-operation in Great Britain* (Allen & Unwin).

Here is their concluding paragraph:—

"There is this to be said, finally, for the wider possibilities of Co-operation ; it is the only alternative scheme of economic organization actually in existence in this country, and the only attempt at general economic planning on a large scale. It has achieved its present scope and dimensions without sacrificing anything of the principle of voluntarism. It may, therefore, be regarded as the possible middle way between *laissez-faire* liberalism and rigid planning on a compulsory basis, and in this aspect it has a strong claim to the allegiance of all those who believe that some form of economic planning is necessary in the interests of order and justice, but who dislike the element of coercion in other systems which are offered for their approval".

The movement had made great headway in Scandinavia before the war and in Germany until the arrival of Hitler. The economy of Finland is largely a co-operative economy, and to this was due its great prosperity and general popularity before it was dragged into the German-Russian quarrel

Hitler, of course, realized the great importance of the Co-operatives. He put his own men into the Societies, and deprived them of all freedom. Something of the sort happened also in Lenin's Russia

Consumers' Co-operation controlling, and through its own banking system, financing production, and eventually owning the land, is the new economic order

because nothing can stop it. It started in a little room nearly a hundred years ago, and the most strenuous efforts have been made to stop it. The manufacturing world, the wholesaling world, the retailing world tried to kill it.

Very startling is the fact that though the whole future has been discernible in a period of a hundred years the bulk of the middle class of the world are quite unaware of what is in their midst. This is because the Press of the country for long steadily boycotted the whole movement. Co-operators did not need to advertise. They relied on service, and therefore did not have to spend money pretending they put service before self. As newspapers were financed out of advertisement revenue and this was supplied by manufacturers and retailers who are essentially opposed to consumer control, newspapers were forced also to oppose consumer control.

But Hitler is blasting old systems into ruins, and eventually we shall confront the slag heaps. We shall know that without distinction of country or race there is nothing left for mankind but for us to co-operate, not as people who want to sell each other things for money, but as people who want to feed and clothe each other. We shall have learnt to feel that if one goes hungry, we all in some measure go hungry since we are members one of another. We shall realize that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

do now) on what they have consumed. Thus the consumer will be continually provided with purchasing power to buy the necessities of life. Effective monetary demand for the necessities of life on the largest scale will be assured. Mass production will therefore go forward without fear that the product will not be distributed.

The Co-operative movement, which was born of necessity and works in practice, is essentially different from the unworkable Douglas Credit scheme. The flaw in the latter is that Douglas denies the existence of any standard of value. The strength of the Co-operative movement is that (all unconsciously) it started by making the basic consumption goods needed by its members the standard of value. Economists working towards managed currencies based on index figures of the cost of living have toiled after them.

Some are still vexed by the problem of how balances of trade between countries are to be adjusted unless there is a gold standard, or some metallic standard. But national co-operative societies federated in a world Co-operative Society would have no difficulty about transferring balances. They will use the world's reserve of gold and output of gold in their possession as the symbol and equivalent of the value of the total of all assets in their possession. Instead therefore of money becoming scarcer because machines produce consumable goods at a pace far outstripping the mining of new gold, gold will be continually revalued in terms of goods. The note issue can be based strictly upon gold, and trade balances between countries will be in the last resort settled by transfer of gold.

The function of gold in the modern world is to be the basis of international exchange not the standard of value. The standard of value will be a stationary index figure of the cost of living.

We have mistaken gold for the standard of value, whereas its function is to be the basis of money, which is the medium of exchange. Paper money which can be issued for different amounts by a Government or any

person with sufficient credit must be based on something which cannot be arbitrarily increased in quantity or successfully imitated. That is to say a large accumulation of paper money must legally be exchangeable at some point for gold. But the essential point is that the paper money shall represent a stable amount of consumable goods, that the paper dollar or pound shall not fluctuate in their capacity to meet the basic cost of living.

The amount of consumable goods produced in the machine age will be always increasing and the amount of paper money required to keep prices steady will be always increasing. At the same time the amount of gold in the world will symbolize an ever increasing volume of goods. Therefore the pound or the dollar or whatever the international unit is must represent *less and less* gold, till eventually we glimpse the *infinitesimally little*.

This of course is what is happening in practice. Already Governments have begun revaluing their gold in terms of sterling or dollars, and thus in some measure they make up for the depreciation of the pound or the dollar. The problem of the gold standard in time settles itself.

puts up the prices of uncontrolled articles and a segment of the vicious circle of inflation shows itself. After the last war when the machines were released from war production and turned on to meeting the demand for consumable goods, the arrival on the market of floods of new goods coincided with the restriction of currency and a halt to the ascent in wages. The result was a glut of unsaleable goods, a huge discharge of workers, and goods offered cheaply but in vain ; there was no money to buy. When the consumers' interest asserted itself sufficiently against the money interest to secure a departure from the gold standard and a check to deflation, things improved ; but soon the manufacturers' combines were at work to check the falling prices which mass production for an assured market would otherwise have made possible.

In other words, self-interest had proved the worst adviser.

Let us now attempt an axiom for the machine age.

If demand creates supply, the creator should control the creature, i.e. the demander control the supplier. The consumer must therefore control the producer.

The present system may be defined as the attempt of supply to create and control demand.

If the producer controls the consumers, increased demand will produce short supply and rising prices and keep the "trade cycle" turning. Manufacturers' combines will take the place in the machine age of genuine lack of skilled labour in earlier days. If the combines have to choose between putting down more plant and with decreasing overheads turning out more at ever lower prices for an increasing market, or achieving a quicker profit without trouble by increasing prices and not expanding production, they may choose the latter. They will be influenced no doubt by their belief that trade cycles will never cease, and that to extend production on the assumption that a wave of working class prosperity will not recede would be commercial folly.

No effective breach in the trade cycle has ever yet been made except by the Co-operative Wholesale which

stumbled upon the idea of putting the consumer in control, by giving him a dividend on purchases. It thus provided a stimulus to consumption and good living rather than to saving and scraping, a bonus to wages, and a means of further spending, and an encouragement to the consumers to put their savings into increased production to meet the steady demand they themselves provide.

LEASE AND LEND

(Published on December 5, 1941)

I have been reading the account of a stormy meeting of the Institute of Export held at the Royal Empire Society in mid-September. It was the forerunner of the representations which the National Union of Manufacturers made the other day to the Prime Minister against recent drastic cuts in British exports.

A vital war principle is involved in this controversy. I have seen it recurring over and over again. It comes up every day, here in India, back in Britain, away in Australia and over in the United States.

It is the continual struggle between those who believe that we can only win this total war by total effort, by putting the absolute necessity for victory first, and realizing that the post-war world must rise out of the war, be conditioned by the war, and be a new order of some sort, and those who think that we can run and win this war on a principle of limited liability, that we must preserve a neat balance between war effort and business as usual, and that the war will not be worth winning unless we are able to return to our old positions in national and international trade. The defence as far as possible of national and commercial *status quo* is for these people a war aim. They look backwards instead of forwards and if bang goes the *status quo*, they reckon that you may call it victory but actually it will be defeat.

The storm in England now is due to the fact that the Government has reversed its policy. In the first year of the war there was a terrific propaganda campaign to encourage British exports. Throughout the Empire we were told that it was most important to buy British, and in foreign countries also an intensive campaign for the sale of British goods was conducted.

This, we were told, was absolutely necessary. Great Britain had to import for war purposes on an enormous

scale, and particularly from America. In order to pay for imports she must maintain exports. To increase her own exports to America and diminish America's exports other than munitions was especially desirable. If people in other countries would stop buying American motor-cars, cigarettes, and other things and buy British that would provide Britain with money to buy dollars to pay America for a vast volume of war material.

So there were issued lists of articles which could not be imported into India and other countries except from Britain.

We had to pay cash in America. In the last war we had borrowed right from the start, and run up enormous bills. But Mr. Chamberlain when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer during the slump ten years ago had discontinued the payments of interest on Britain's war debt to America.

That was the end of borrowing for war in America. Incidentally it meant that Mr. Chamberlain, our Prime Minister at the outbreak of war, was probably more unpopular in America than any British statesman had been since George III.

This big export drive suited British exporters well. But there was bitter complaint from America, particularly when Britain declined to take her usual quota of American tobacco.

But circumstances soon began to change, and drastically so after the fall of France when Britain was in danger of invasion. Then all available hands had to be turned on to producing supplies urgently at Home rather than in producing articles for export in order to bring in supplies from abroad. Tonnage for normal trade was also suddenly much less available. To obtain war supplies by the indirect peace time channels of payment in exports involved import of raw materials first, export of manufactured goods second, and lastly import of the desired war supplies.

Moreover when Mr. Churchill became Prime Minister and rallied the nation at the time of Dunkirk American

opinion swung sharply to our side, and President Roosevelt held out hopes of help on more favourable terms. Meantime we could pay our way in America by liquidating our dollar holdings.

So first of all the Export Drive was modified to a selective policy more suited to a long war. There is no point in using up resources, which might be devoted to direct war effort, to produce supplies for people which they can get in any case. It is even more wasteful for Britain to produce civil luxuries for India and Australia in wartime than to produce them for her own people, for there is the additional waste of shipping space ; yet she has been asking her own people to go without things she is shipping to India and Australia. Recognition of this led to a cut in British exports and to anger on the part of exporters.

Then came "Lease and Lend," which Mr. Churchill has rightly described as the most unsordid act in history. This means that America has financially identified herself with our common allied war front. She pays for what she sends. No debts are piling up. What she gets now in return is merely the right to assist from certain naval and air bases in our common defence. What return she is ultimately to get is not made the basis of any stipulation. We can now count on essential supplies without straining for means of payment through export trade. Out of our exchange assets we can pay for what must be paid for, and need not pursue the wasteful policy of producing non-essential civilian goods either for the American or any other civil population.

So now the drive is rapidly becoming one against exports.

To the Institute of Export Mr. Dacey, Editor of *The Banker*, read a paper in which he tried to explain the inevitability of this change of policy. But he failed completely with his audience, which seems to have been composed of *statu quokers*. Every speaker condemned his views and upbraided the Government. The policy, said Mr. A. M. Taylor, offered us the chance of winning the war but losing our main sources of income. We must

ruin ourselves to win the war and we could not accept that. "After beating German arms must we face defeat by an equally destructive enemy accompanied by German derision, namely economic subversion?".

These views were heartily endorsed by all the other speakers. Mr. I. C. Hannah, M.P., said he did not want to be a rebel, but they must impress upon the Government the supreme need of British exports on a very large scale. And there and then they decided to go to the War Cabinet and protest. One proposal was that British industrialists should go by bomber to America so that the implications of the "Lease and Lend" Act should be thoroughly considered.

These are the views I hear, *mutatis mutandis*, continually in influential circles in India. Those who hold them must eventually see them discarded, but it seems a pity that they cannot bring themselves to look at the other side, and to realize that there can be circumstances in which future income is worth little compared with present income, and that the problematical future must be sacrificed to the all-compelling present.

The British Government made a mistake in its "business as usual" policy in the first year of the war. It has learnt that lesson, but many others have not. For the sake of any addition to the war effort it may be worth while even to sacrifice established connexions and goodwill.

Considerations of "after the war" must more and more give way to the War.

THE AXIS ANNEXES GOD

(Published on December 6, 1941)

ON Tuesday night I listened in to Mr. Churchill's great speech to the Commons. In it he said that we had been spared much of the blood and tears that we had been prepared for, but he called for more toil and sweat, a vast extension of the compulsory mobilization of man and woman power.

The reception was not too good, and hoping to improve it I twiddled the knob ever so slightly. A pleasant arresting woman's voice, speaking English without a trace of foreign accent, came through. The owner of it was broadcasting from Rome to the Middle East. What she was saying was of such surprising interest to me personally that I continued to listen to her.

Believe it or not, she was interpreting Ribbentrop's recent "New Order" Conference in Berlin in a perfect parody of what I have recently written in these columns.

What is wrong with the world, said this siren speaking for the Axis, is the lack of the belief in God in evolution. The world is corrupted by the love of money, and by a purely materialistic standard and process of reasoning. Where such a code is accepted plutocracy must rule, and the unrivalled masters of this purely materialistic technique are the Jews and the Anglo-Saxons ; and the Anglo-Saxons and the Jews together represent also American leadership. Only through a belief in divine evolution, a return to God, which would break this money domination through which Britain had become master of more than half the world, was there any hope for humanity. The New Order for which the Axis stood was a revolt against materialism, a return to God. Only through the Axis could Europe escape slavery to an Anglo-Jewish plutocracy. Russian mysticism was embedded in ignorance and superstition, and the great Russian people were now blindly led by the Jews and the Anglo-American plutocracy.

But Europe was awake and was finding its soul. At the Berlin Conference thirteen nations had pledged themselves to the fight for the faith and for God against Jewish and British soulless and godless materialism.

Two things struck me at once. One was that here was Lucifer, Son of the Morning, the alleged "light bearer," the angel-devil in revolt, posturing as humanity's leader. The other was that thirteen might prove their unlucky number.

But what, I asked myself, are we doing about this? Twiddle a knob and that is what you hear. All Europe listens to that sort of dope. And help for those continentals who cling to the opposite camp is still far away.

Is it good enough to go on saying that only the piling up of munitions counts, the securing of the day when we shall have superior armaments? That would be a purely materialistic faith.

Is it good enough for our captains of industry to say that the *status quo* is the thing to defend, politically and commercially?

With the whole world in upheaval is our reply to be that there is nothing at all the matter with our domination of the markets of the world?

Sir David Ezra* has written to me that he and those associated with him think that I have been gratuitously and unwarrantably offensive in my earlier reference to the fact that Hitler proclaims that this is a war against the Jews. He calls upon me to publish the materials upon which I based my "mischievous generalizations," or else to withdraw them at the first opportunity. British Jews, he says, are contributing their fair share "and often more than that" to the national efforts. He objects to my distinction between good and bad Jews though he admits the possibility of misbehaviour by a few ignorant people, recently emancipated from oppression in the Ghettos of Europe.

I regret this accusation, because I like Sir David and I have never been an anti-Semite. In 1935 the Jewish

* Sir David Ezra is a well-known citizen and ex-sheriff of Calcutta.

Press thanked me for a sympathetic study of the development of Palestine which I wrote for *The Times*. To me indeed it seems evident that the Jews are a "chosen people," a uniquely gifted race marked out for a quite exceptional role alike in past history and in future human evolution. But the distinction between good and bad Jews is not what Sir David calls it, "a patronizing gesture." It is a fact. A Jew like Jesus or Einstein is the finest international type the world produces ; another kind of Jew can be the worst ; the best and the worst are necessary corollaries.

I was in England all last summer, and no candid observer could fail to note the growing anti-Semitism there. That was not my fault or my wish, but it is a fact. The evidence concerning "bad" Jews which Sir David Ezra asks me to publish is to be found in the British Press in the reports of prosecutions for evading the regulations, the offenders in an undue proportion being Jews, and not refugee Jews either. There is great sympathy with the refugee Jews. Similarly the Jews are too much in evidence in the housing accommodation taken up in "safe areas" for their popularity.

Instead of flying off the handle about my "gratuitous and unwarranted offensiveness," concerning facts which I have had more opportunity of judging than Sir David Ezra, I still think it would be better for influential Jews like himself to bring their influence to bear internationally on the profiteering section of the community. To deny the existence of that section and its remarkable talents in its own line is not convincing.

The Scot who said that there was no such thing as bad whisky, only good whisky and better whisky, may have got away with it. But it is not a good line to shoot too often.

CAN CHRISTMAS BE REAL?

(Published on December 25, 1941)

Two thousand years divide
Those golden days from me,
Thy Face is far from this our War,
How can I follow Thee ?

IT is many years since I read those lines. They were quoted in the reprint of a sermon preached by my tutor in an Oxford church. Who wrote them I do not know, but perhaps some of my readers will tell me. They have remained in my memory and were in my mind when I chose the title "This Our War" for this series.* So it is fitting that I should use them on Christmas Day as a preface to the last of the series.

For years past Christmas has seemed a contradiction in our lives. As each December came round the war clouds grew blacker, there was no sign of peace on earth, much talk of goodwill towards men but little harvest. Then came war, a deluge of destruction that hit the earth, now spreads in all directions, and sweeps away our weak bulwarks of civilisation like matchboard caught by Niagara.

He came to save the world. But is the world saved ?

Has this Christmas business any reality at all or is it just a sweet, pretty legend, something from the long ago that we like to keep up, because it is a delightful old custom to have a season when we give the children a good time, be neighbourly, give a thought to the poor, and have a feast ?

Many, many people find just that difficulty which the verse indicates. Try as they will they cannot consider Christ any more real than Santa Claus. It all happened so long ago, they feel; the historical accounts are contradictory and uncertain ; the claims made by Christ Himself and by others in His name were so colossal, the results

* See also the quotation from Kipling on the title page of the book.

sail without his blessing. All the new world of North and South America and later the South Seas fell under his spell, built houses for him and poured out treasure.

So it has gone on and on. No sooner does a great industrial city spring up than it seeks to build a Cathedral to which all men's eyes shall turn.

How do you account for this continuous manifestation of power, compared with which the power politics of Alexanders, Caesars, Napoleons, and Hitlers seem transitory and ludicrous? They had a power in themselves; the force of personality which communicated itself to those around them, drew strength from and gave strength to those others, because in those others there was an answering and receiving apparatus though of weaker pitch. But none of the conquerors or kings developed an internal dynamo like that of Jesus.

No conquerors indeed have produced any results in the world on the same scale as the Founders of the great religions. Mohammed has been in our history for a much shorter period of time than Jesus, but look what the Prophet of God did in Asia and Europe and how Islam affects all our lives to-day.

Buddha has been much longer at work in human history. Is there any diminution of the Buddha's power to-day?

But, some will say, that is all very well. We admit, though we don't understand it, that Founders of religions have far more powerfully and continuously affected the human race than kings and statesmen, but you on your side must admit that there is a monstrous amount of eye-wash about it. People do give their money and even sometimes their lives; but they don't carry out the teaching. They are apt to make a superstition of their religion rather than to enjoy it as their freedom. The Founders would be all in agreement if they were here in the flesh to-day. Their professed followers quarrel all the time.

True enough. But if we develop our historical imagination that will not disturb us so much. We shall have defence in depth.

For we shall see that human history is the history of the evolution of a race of beings possessed of a reasoning and self-conscious faculty, a spark of the divine consciousness, in which lies the possibility of expansion, of becoming a mirror of an increasing portion of the glory of the universal consciousness. In order to advance from the animal, who is not self-conscious and cannot say to himself "I am I," man had to develop egotism. He had to learn to pit himself against other men, and against the resistance of the material world. His higher stage of evolution is to preserve that developed ego in an expanded form. The ego expands through the family, the tribe, and the country, till ultimately it must include the human race in a conscious brotherhood. We shall recover the group consciousness of the lower animals with intensely developed individual personalities.

We see then that the great Founders of religions were evolved men, pointers to and revelations of the future, far ahead of their own day in time.

We see also, that, whatever the cynics may say, the whole movement of history is to increasing humanism, to larger contacts, to wider communications, to realization of the essential oneness of the fortunes and the destiny of the race,

But simultaneously egotism itself develops ; greed and thirst for power reach greater proportions in individuals or on behalf of lesser groups such as countries or races. Clash follows clash, and the process of the unification of mankind is a series of wars till finally, inevitably, we come to a total war involving all the world. Out of that terrible destruction will come at last the knowledge of our universal interdependence ; the sense of our ultimate common humanity ; a brotherhood of man. In that desolation the true meaning of religion will be simply understood. The underlying identity of them all will be plain. Men will at last be free, light of heart, and at peace with their own restless selves. They will escape from the burden of the law. The divine purpose will be understood, and be their will.

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